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THE Liguorian

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING



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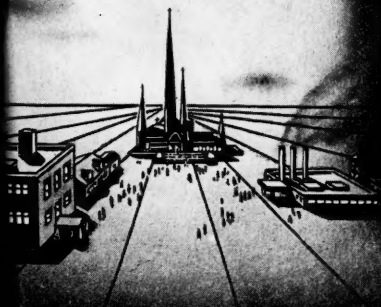
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AUGUST, 1953

\$2.00 per year

\$2.25 in Canada

Vol. XLI. No. 8



Amongst Ourselves

Forty years ago this year THE LIGUORIAN came into being. Its present editors have talked over the idea of celebrating the anniversary in some special way; perhaps by publishing a LIGUORIAN reader, made up of many of the most important and talked about articles and stories that appeared in its pages during those forty years; perhaps by the publication of a special edition with the words "Fortieth Anniversary Edition" splashed prominently over its pages; perhaps by a special drive to make it better known than it is. Not all these ideas have been finally rejected, but none is beyond the purely speculative stage.

As of the moment, in its quiet way, without very much publicity or fanfare, with the continuing aversion of its editors to the use of income-producing advertisements and begging appeals of any kind, it is endeavoring to be a source of knowledge and inspiration on practical moral and spiritual problems to all who find it in their hands. Its uniqueness is attested by the number and intensity of the letters its editors receive, only a tiny fraction of which can find room in Readers Retort.

We ask for nothing more than the assurances of letters like that of the businessman in Chicago who wrote that, "after leaving the Catholic schools and entering the business world, it is impossible to escape secularism without making use of reading matter like that provided by THE LIGUORIAN." Or like that of the woman in California who wrote that, "having been deprived of a Catholic school education, I have found only one thing to supply for what I have missed and that is a magazine like THE LIGUORIAN."

We are not at all averse to having such readers celebrate our 40th anniversary with us by giving THE LIGUORIAN to someone else as a present, because we are inclined to celebrate spiritually with every letter like the above that reaches us. With every such letter we reaffirm and rededicate ourselves to the principles on which THE LIGUORIAN is published: that truth is irresistible; that the truth must be known; that the truth can be known; that the truth, embraced and loved and followed, alone can make men free and happy.

Please notify us promptly of any change in your address, giving both the old and the new address. Also notify us by the tenth of the month if your copy is not delivered.

The Liguorian LIGUORI, MO.

Editor: D. F. MILLER, C.S.S.R.

Associate Editors:

M. J. Huber, C.S.S.R.

L. Miller, C.S.S.R.

E. Miller, C.S.S.R.

R. Miller, C.S.S.R.

T. E. Tobin, C.S.S.R.

D. Corrigan, C.S.S.R.

J. Schaefer, C.S.S.R.

J. E. Doherty, C.S.S.R.

Circulation Managers: R. A. Gaydos, C.S.S.R.—C. A. Bodden, C.S.S.R.

Two Dollars per year — (Canada and Foreign \$2.25)

Published Monthly by the Redemptorist Fathers and entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Liguori, Mo., under the act of March 3, 1879. — Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918. Published with ecclesiastical approval.



THE *Liguorian*

August, 1953

a magazine for the lovers of good reading



Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings

Can Single Women Be Happy?

We are weary of reading books and articles of advice to single women which assume that they are all neurotics wandering through the world. We ask every unmarried woman to read and ponder the truths presented here.

Donald F. Miller

A GREAT MANY modern writers seem to be gravely concerned over the so-called frustrations and unhappiness of the vast number of single women who are following careers, holding down jobs, and just floating about in the modern world. One author, herself a victim of Freudian concepts of life, has gone so far as to call modern woman "the lost sex." Other authors, whose education has been limited strictly to a study of modern and behavioristic psychologists, are cluck-clucking about the plight of the poor single woman, and tracing all her problems back to the simple fact that she has never latched onto a man in marriage.

This sort of thing is to be expected of secularists and sex-obsessed pagans who are plentiful in the modern world. It is rather sad that the same stuff is being put into print by some Catholic authors, who should know better, or who should have something better to offer to single women than "You poor frustrated thing — let's see what scraps of comfort we can dig up for you." That is about the essence of the theme of one recent book by a Catho-

lic priest entitled "The Single Woman," in which the phrase, "the reluctant virgin," is repeatedly used to designate every unmarried woman in the world. If I were a single woman with the slightest knowledge of the true purposes of human life, I would deeply resent the patronizing sympathy of such tracts, and here I shall try to tell why.

First of all, however, let me state that I, too, know that there are frustrated single women in the world today. But these frustrated single women share their frustration with an equal number of unhappy wives, divorcees, kept women and prostitutes, as well as with a corresponding number of blighted and frustrated males, married and single. They are all products of educational processes and practical philosophies that have set before them false goals in life. They are the people who have been hoodwinked into secularism, the belief that a human being's sole hope of happiness is to be found in something that pertains to this world alone. It may be marriage or money or fame that the secularist counts on. If he attains it, he is still frustrated if that was all that he was looking for.

because he was not made for that kind of a goal. If he does not get what he has been hoping for, he is more frustrated still, because then he has been deprived of what he erroneously still thinks would bring him happiness if he could have it.

Certainly there are many single women in the world who fall into the second class. Their education, reading, amusements and associations have been such as to keep them ignorant both of the spirituality of their own nature, and of anything spiritual outside themselves that makes life worth while, even when its temporal circumstances are bleak. Sex has been played up in their so-called formal education, in the advertisements, fields of entertainment, and conversations that continually eddy around them, as the end to which all human striving should be directed. Since most of the world, even much of the perverted element, still theoretically considers marriage the only proper setting for sex outlets, the modern single woman who has been spiritually starved and at the same time unsuccessful in getting a man to marry her, feels that fate has deprived her of the best thing that life has to offer. No wonder she moons and moans and mopes and pities herself as a cheated one.

The motives of those who have written tracts for the benefit of such frustrated single women are of the highest. They sincerely want to be helpful. But most of them (we have half a dozen books dealing with the problem before us) misfire badly both in their approach to the problem and in their suggested solutions. And we do not think ourselves overly brilliant in pointing out their mistakes. The truth is elementary and simple.

1. Wrong Notions of Frustration

There are three wrong assumptions

behind the attempts of many writers to be "helpful" to the unmarried woman.

The first is the assumption that *all* unmarried women are frustrated and need somebody to psychoanalyze them and to offer them sympathetic advice. This generalization is a gross untruth. There are many single women in the world who are no problem either to themselves or to others. They are no problem because they already know and have diligently applied for years the simple principles that will be set down further on in this article.

The second false assumption of many who write for single women is really only another way of expressing the first. It is the uniquely Freudian idea that without marriage a woman cannot help being frustrated. Not frustrated in a small sense of the word, as a child might be who had dreamed for days of going on a picnic, only to wake up on the appointed day with measles and therefore to have to give up the picnic. These writers mean that she is frustrated in a big way, in a way that makes her a burden to herself and a misfit in society.

It would be foolish not to admit that some of the sanest of women may experience a sense of disappointment in missing out on marriage for one reason or another. Marriage does have many things to offer to human beings. The consecrated nun recognizes this in the fact that she freely gives up all that marriage has to offer for the love of God. But that giving these things up, either out of choice or force of circumstances, must make a person almost a mental case, is a hideous misrepresentation when applied to individuals who know something about the real purposes of life.

The third false assumption with which many approach the "problem" of the unmarried woman is that, since

the sense of frustration can never be smothered, it can be relieved only by the acceptance of a number of purely natural tid-bits of advice. The unmarried woman should keep busy, put her heart in her job, learn to love reading and other cultural activities, choose friends wisely, beware of being drawn into "affairs" (for natural reasons), etc. Above all, she must always keep her chin up, hide her embarrassment, try to act as if she were not frustrated, etc.

All this is good advice in the proper setting. Its proper setting is against the background of religious and supernatural truths and realities. It is an axiom that natural means must always be used to help one pursue supernatural goals. But with no mention of the supernatural goals, indeed, with a practical denial of such goals, all these natural means will remain empty and fruitless attempts at adjustment to what will still be considered a frustrated state.

2. The Real Frustration

There is only one real frustration for the heart of any human being, and that is to be deprived, either through ignorance or through sin, of the knowledge and the love of God, and of the assurance of eternal companionship with God in heaven, and union with Christ and the life of grace He offers to all.

The modern secular psychologists like to call religious fervor a "substitution complex" — by which they mean that religious people are trying to compensate and substitute for the thwarting of many of their natural inclinations through imaginary contacts with God. But the truth is that there is absolutely no substitute to be found by any human being for the knowledge and the love of God. St. Augustine, after his years of wrestling with sin and

frustration, set down the axiom that the only and the highest wisdom in the world is "that I may know myself and know Thee, O God." Not to know God, not to know how the human heart is made to love God, or to have turned away from God, is the most basic and universal form of frustration in the world today.

There is no particular class of people, such as unmarried women, to whom this form of frustration is limited. Indeed, it seems to be far more acute in many other groups. Married people who have no religious motives or ideals, suffer from it to a horrible degree. Almost half the marriages in America end in divorce, thus proving drastically that marriage without religion is anything but a state that necessarily brings happiness and peace. Among the other half of the marriages in America that maintain an outward appearance of permanence, there is a high percentage in which the husband or wife or both provide plenty of business for psychiatrists. The suicide rate in America is far higher among rich people, who presumably can evade frustrations by buying anything that their inclinations call for, than among the poor, who are not nearly so inclined to throw off religion as the rich.

In short, then, frustration begins with the abandonment of two fundamental principles concerning human nature. The first is that every man and woman, endowed with an immortal soul, is placed on earth primarily to earn the happiness of heaven, and to do so, in any circumstances or environment, through the love and service of Jesus Christ. The second is that, in working for heaven, every human being has to contend with the effects of having inherited a fallen human nature. This means that in every state of life men and women have to contend with

temptations, conflicts between duty and inclinations, sufferings in one form or another. To say that unmarried women are special sufferers is to deny both the universality of the effects of the fall of man, and the universality of the goal of heaven for every child of God.

To state this in a positive manner, frustration can be avoided by any human being, married or single, who looks on life on earth as a brief span of test and trial and preparation for an unending life of perfect happiness with God; who realizes that in every state there are sufferings to be endured, temptations to be resisted, disappointments to be accepted; who is convinced that the only real failure, the only fatal cause of frustration, is serious sin.

According to these basic Christian concepts, it is the birth-control practicing husband and wife who are the victims of the real frustration. It is the divorcee who goes about foraging for another man either to have an affair with or to attempt marriage with, who is not only temporarily but eternally frustrated. It is the adulterer and the philanderer and the abortionist who need the pity and sympathy and treatment of experts. And the only treatment that will accomplish anything for these frustrated individuals is that which will awaken penance for their sins and place them back on the narrow road to heaven.

"Reluctant virgins" and "frustrated unmarried women" are misnomers. It is the reluctant citizens of heaven, the frustrated children of God in any walk of life, that give trouble to themselves and to the world.

3. *The Advantages of Single Life*

In the light of all this, then, it becomes clear that the advantages and disadvantages of any state of life must

be measured by one thing only, and that is its relative capacity for keeping the individual concerned on the road to heaven.

We need not grope and grasp for natural and merely temporal blessings and advantages as offering comfort to single women. Nor need we fear that the presentation of the real, spiritual advantages of the single state will appreciably diminish the ranks of the married. Natural inclinations will prevent that, even in many cases in which spiritual considerations might well have directed otherwise.

Nor is it necessary that we rely on our own human authority to appraise the blessings of the single state. God Himself, Who created men and women, who instituted marriage and made it a sacrament, Who also established the place of everlasting bliss called heaven and provided the life of grace as the means to attain it, has had something very definite to say about the single life. And what God has said is based, not on considerations of human prudence or expediency, but on the eternal wisdom He revealed to all mankind.

St. Paul was chosen by God to be His spokesman in this regard. He said, in the 7th chapter of his first epistle to the Corinthians, the following: "But I say to the unmarried and to widows, it is good for them that they so remain, even as I. But if they do not have self-control, let them marry, for it is better to marry than to burn. . . . Now concerning virgins I have no commandment of the Lord, yet I give an opinion as one having obtained mercy from the Lord to be trustworthy. I think, then, that this is good on account of the present distress — that it is good for a man to remain as he is. Art thou bound to a wife? Do not seek to be freed. Art thou freed from a wife? Do not

seek a wife. But if thou takest a wife, thou hast not sinned. And if a virgin marries, she has not sinned. Yet such will have tribulation of the flesh. But I spare you that. . . .

"But this I say, brethren, the time is short; it remains that those who have wives be as though they had none; and those who weep, as though not weeping; and those who rejoice, as though not rejoicing; and those who buy, as though not possessing; and those who use this world, as though not using it, for this world as we see it is passing away. I would have you free from care. He who is unmarried is concerned about the things of the Lord, how he may please God. Whereas he who is married is concerned about the things of the world, how he may please his wife, and he is divided. And the unmarried woman, and the virgin, thinks about the things of the Lord, that she may be holy in body and spirit. Whereas she who is married thinks about the things of the world, how she may please her husband. . . . But if any man thinks that he incurs disgrace with regard to his virgin, since she is over age, let him do what he will; he does not sin if she should marry. . . . Therefore both he who gives his daughter in marriage does well, and he who does not give her does better."

St. Paul, inspired by the Holy Ghost, offers no mere palliatives to the single woman. He does not say, like our modern writers, "You have a hard lot, a frustrated lot, but I will give you a few scraps of comfort." He takes the viewpoint of eternity, and of the primary purpose of life, and of the supreme importance of loving God. And he states clearly that, in the Christian scheme of things, one can be better off unmarried than married because there is somewhat less chance of being turned away from God and heaven in

the single state. Of course he lays down a condition: it is the condition that the person involved be truly concerned about loving and serving God. And that brings us back to our previous conclusion: that anyone who is not concerned about loving and serving God will be frustrated even in what seems to be the most fortunate marriage.

4. *The Way to the Single Life*

There are two ways in which women may find that they are to remain single. One is through their deliberate choice. The other is through any combination of circumstances that place marriage out of reach. In this latter case, whatever the combination of circumstances, even including past mistakes made by teachers or by women themselves, the result is a decree of the all-wise providence of God.

Tens of thousands of women choose the single life deliberately in one final act of renunciation of marriage through taking the vows of religion. They definitely "remain unmarried so that they may love and serve God better," according to St. Paul's phrase. And they offer constant and overwhelming evidence to the world that the only real frustration is spiritual frustration. The vast majority of them, unmarried by choice, are as simple and clear-minded and unfrustrated as normal children.

However women may also choose to remain in the world and to remain unmarried. This may be done for the sake of a professional or business career, or for the purpose of taking care of orphaned brothers and sisters, or, even, merely to escape the recognized dangers, both temporal and eternal, of marriage. But it must be said emphatically that such choosers of the unmarried state must inject spiritual motives into their choice, and must bring spiritual activities into their daily lives.

Failing to do those things, they will inevitably experience in time the frustrations that afflict not only the unmarried, but all who are missing the spiritual goal of their lives.

In direct contradiction to the tone of many of the books written on the "problem" of the unmarried woman, it must be said here that there are thousands of single women in the world who have chosen their celibacy, who have used it to remain close to God, and who are as level of head, clear of mind, and peaceful of heart as anyone in the world. Some of them have made a private vow of perpetual chastity for the love of God, thereby making certain of the spirituality of their motives and endeavors. Some have been and are the most active and effective workers for spiritual causes, in the Legion of Mary, the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, and other lay apostolates. They need no books to tell them how to cloak their "frustration." Their lives are full and good and useful and beautiful; and often they are the only ones who can help the many frustrated married people all around them today.

The same spiritual maturity that gives fullness to the lives of those women who choose to remain unmarried, must be developed by those women who find themselves unmarried through force of circumstances. As was said, the circumstances may be many, and even mistakes may be included among them. Unwise or selfish parents may have kept a girl close to them, and deprived her of normal contacts with men, until age and set ways placed marriage beyond reach. Temperamental shyness may have played a part. The necessity of working for a living, or of helping to support destitute parents, may have kept opportunities for marriage at a minimum. Scores

of such circumstances could be mentioned as contributing, in individual cases, to a kind of forced celibacy.

Without spiritual principles and spiritual growth, such persons can indeed become frustrated and mentally subnormal, just as the girl who enters marriage without spiritual principles can turn out to be a neurotic or a harridan.

The special principles needed in this case are 1) that God's providence has a personal care for all His children, and arranges or permits circumstances to affect their lives only for the sake of their ultimate and eternal good; 2) that, even though one does possess a disappointed inclination toward marriage, the single state is still one in which it is easier to love and to serve God and to make sure of heaven; 3) that to turn to religion and to advance in the love and service of God should never be considered a "substitution" for the marriage that was missed, but the first and primary purpose for which one was made, outside of which there would be frustration in any circumstances or state of life.

So we answer the question: Can single women be happy? In the sense in which anybody can be happy outside of heaven, single women can be happy on exactly the same terms as their married sisters: that they recognize God as their first and true love, that they live for Him and in the expectation of heaven, and that they accept the disappointments and temptations, the heartaches and setbacks that come their way, as their own share in the universal effect of the fall of the human race. In short: marry or don't marry, but do love God with your whole heart and soul and mind and will, and you will never know frustration.

New Bells at St. Mary's

Dramatic moments we plan for sometimes turn into horrifying disappointments, only to prove to us how God can use anything for good.

Louis G. Müller

THE CENTENNIAL Mass at old St. Mary's had come to its triumphant conclusion, and scarcely had the grand procession made its way out of the church, amid loud peals of harmony produced by Mrs. Duffy at the organ, when two workmen put in an appearance at the sacristy door.

"We're from Schuster Chimes," they said. "We're supposed to work on the new bells."

Sister Veronica, the sacristan, admitted them and with some mental grumbling watched them set about their work.

"They might at least have waited until the sacred vestments were put away," she thought, as she began to busy herself about her tasks. "Of all days to come and dirty up my sacristy floor, and solemn benediction ahead of us tonight!"

But then Sister Veronica had been sacristan for 40 years and more, as long as old Father O'Connor himself had been pastor, and it was not to be expected that she could readily adjust herself to the innovation.

"Electric bells indeed!" she had confided to her young sister assistant, when she first heard of the plan. "And what's wrong with a bell, with a rope and a bell-ringer to pull it?"

The trouble was, and Sister Veronica knew it well despite her gentle grumbling, that something had to be done. The old St. Mary's bell, which had stoutly summoned three generations of parishioners to their duties, had developed a crack in its old age,

and this, to the universal regret, had seriously impaired its deep golden voice. No longer was the old bell safe and dependable and while Father O'Connor, the pastor, pondered the situation, Father Hamill, his assistant, had gone all out to convince him that electric bells were just what were needed.

It had not been easy to convince the old man, for time and tradition leave deep marks of custom on the human spirit, but with many misgivings, he had finally given in. This had been Father Hamill's great moment, and he determined to make the most of it. The parish centenary was to be celebrated in a few weeks' time, and if he could hurry things along, he could have the new bells ready to be sounded out gloriously as the procession wended its way from school to church on the great day. All the planning of the event was in Father Hamill's hands, and he exulted in the vigor and wisdom of his youth.

Alas, as Bobby Burns once had occasion to remark, "the best laid plans of mice and men, they often gang a-gley." All had gone well in Father Hamill's planning except the one project dearest to his heart — the new bells. First there was a misdirected letter, then a temporary shortage of equipment, and finally a strike of electrical workers, and the upshot of it all was that the great day had come, and it was only the old cracked bell which had welcomed it and sounded its praise.

All else had been perfect; the little girls in their white dresses and with their baskets of flowers, the altar boys in their red cassocks and gleaming starched white collars, scrubbed to within an inch of their lives, and drilled by the good sisters so that they moved into the church and around the sanctuary like young cherubs. There were dozens of priests, and a fine contingent of monsignori, both upper and lower grade, and finally His Excellency himself, pontificating at the Mass. And young Father Hamill had gracefully weaved in and out of the procession, now in front, now in back, nodding briskly to a parishioner or two on the sidelines; he had hovered about watchfully during the Mass, even once or twice whispering a directive word or two into the ear of His Excellency himself. All had gone very well — except for the cracked old bell, which courageously, yet limply and flatly had tried to add its venerable voice to the chorus of praise.

But all was not lost. The workmen had finally come to complete their previous labors, and Father Hamill was assured that by nightfall the installation would be complete. At solemn benediction in the evening, bringing to a close St. Mary's centennial day, the parish would hear them for the first time.

Now young Father Hamill, it must be confessed, had a touch of the theatrical in his makeup, and he was struck with a brilliant inspiration. Both the solemnity of the day and the importance of the new bells demanded suitable dramatization.

But when he explained his plan to Father O'Connor, the old pastor shook his head dubiously.

"You want to put out all the lights in church?" he said.

"All except the bank of spotlights

on the high altar and the statue of the Blessed Virgin, our parish patroness. Then, after a few seconds of profound silence, we'll set the bells going for three minutes, and after that the choir will burst into a mighty 'Holy God We Praise Thy Name.'"

"I don't know," said Father O'Connor. "Sounds a little like the grand climax of one of Father Dan Lord's pageants. Fine in an auditorium, you understand, but in church . . ."

"But, Father," said the young priest, a little impatiently, "People expect a little color and dash nowadays, even in religion, as long as it isn't out of line. We have to keep up with the times, don't we? A priest can't be a stick-in-the-mud, and let the world go past him."

Which was hardly the way for a curate to speak to his pastor, and nine out of ten curates would have been properly reprimanded if they had spoken thus. But Father O'Connor was very gentle as well as very old; with advancing years he grew increasingly tired of argumentation, and besides he had a fondness for his assistant, who, for all his brashness, was a good and zealous young man. So, with another sigh, he acceded to the plan.

Perhaps it was at this precise point that providence entered the picture. We mean the providence which not infrequently prepares a tumble for an overly bright young priest whose abilities have led him to become a little vain, and whose patronizing airs toward his elders need a salutary trimming down.

And the instrument chosen by providence for this work was a good but fumbling old gentleman named Michael Muldoon. For fifty years Mike Muldoon had been a fixture at old St. Mary's. His drooping mustche, his weather-beaten features, his huge red

bandana handkerchief, were as familiar as the spire of the church itself. Mr. Muldoon was the St. Mary's janitor, a man filled with years and merits and wisdom.

It is true, the advent of the scientific age at St. Mary's had encroached more and more on his duties. There was a time when every early winter morning he had to get the fire going in the church. A new oil burner had some years before relieved him of that task. For years he had swept the church and school rooms, and while even at his best he had never rendered them perfectly clean, still there was a certain rough competence about his labors. But now increasing years had made inroads into whatever natural efficiency he once possessed, and the broom had to be taken gently from his failing hands.

There was one task, however, which he regarded as the most important and sacred of all, and in the discharge of which his efficiency remained unimpaired. Mr. Muldoon was a bell-ringer non-pareil. His regularity and the earnestness with which he handled the bell-rope were a byword in the parish. Mr. Muldoon had never married, and the bells of St. Mary's were as close to his heart as the wife he might have had. It was too bad that the big bell had cracked before its ringer, for now, after 50 years, with the advent of the new electric bells, Mr. Muldoon would have to retire from his life work.

In the afternoon, when Father Hamill visited the sacristy and told Sister Veronica of his plans for the evening, she had a charitable inspiration. The young priest had been showing her the little box with the clock upon the wall, with several small levers which controlled the ringing of the electric bells, which were nothing else but small chimes with the sound amplified

many times beyond its original volume. Over one lever was the legend "angelus," over another "toll," and over a third, "sustain." All one need do, he told her, is press down the lever, and the rest would be automatic.

"Who is going to pull the lever tonight?" she asked.

"Well, I thought you might do it, Sister, or else one of the older servers we can depend upon. I'll be out on the altar myself, acting as master of ceremonies."

"How about letting Mike Muldoon do it?"

"Mike?" said Father Hamill, turning the possibility over in his mind. "I don't know, Sister. He's getting to be all thumbs."

"Oh, let him do it, Father. His heart is fair broken at not being able to ring the bell any more, and to be able to take part in the ceremony tonight will add ten years to his life."

"All right, Sister. Will you call him and tell him to come over. I want to explain to him personally what he is supposed to do. Then we'll have no mixup."

Time passed quickly while Father Hamill busied himself with explaining his plan to Mrs. Duffy, the organist and choir director, checking on the altar boys, and rigging up his spotlights with the help of a parishioner who had quite a reputation as an amateur electrician. Finally all was in readiness, and he had time only to take a bite of supper before the evening centennial service was at hand.

In the beginning everything went off well, since there is nothing very complicated about solemn benediction in any case. Father O'Connor was celebrant, and two neighboring pastors were deacon and subdeacon. Father Hamill, in his capacity as master of ceremonies, acted as a kind of captain

of the lines and ranks of altar-boys, with a stern and watchful eye bringing them to attention at such moments as when restlessness seemed about to set in.

The church was filled with people, and the choir sang beautifully the strains of the *O Salutaris*, while the sweet clouds of incense hovered in the air about the altar, and Father Hamill's heart beat with quiet, confident joy. The final notes of the hymn died away, and now at last the big moment was at hand.

With a suddenness that brought a concerted gasp to the lips of all present, the lights of the church were extinguished, and then immediately the spotlights, concealed at the side of the sanctuary, bathed in bright light the high altar and the statue of the Blessed Virgin standing triumphantly in its niche high above the altar table. There was a moment or two of profound silence, and then slowly, solemnly, the bells began to sound.

"Bong!"

A long pause.

"Bong!"

Father Hamill felt his heart begin to sink down into the region of his diaphragm. He saw Father O'Connor lift his head questioningly. A hoarse whisper emanated from Father Driscoll, kneeling beside Father O'Connor as deacon. Father Driscoll was pastor of the neighboring rival parish of St. Malachy's.

"Good God!" whispered Father Driscoll. "They're tolling the bell!"

"Bong!" the bell sounded again, slowly, inexorably.

There was profound silence in the church as people grappled with this phenomenon in their minds, searching for a reason why a note of sorrow should be injected into such a joyful occasion.

"Bong!"

Father Hamill was galvanized into action. He rose quickly from his kneeling position, and rushed blindly towards the sacristy door. Alas, in his unheeding progress, he failed to note a pitfall which he himself had unwittingly set up. Close by the door, but a little to one side, was a battery of two or three spotlights, with electric cords leading to wall sockets. They were concealed from the people by a potted palm, but as Father Hamill passed between the potted palm and the wall, approaching the door from the side, he caught his foot in these cords and two things happened. He pulled the cords out of their sockets, plunging the church into darkness once more. And in the same instant, he lost his footing and fell full length into the potted palm.

For an instant he lay there, wishing heartily that he could part the tiles and burrow down into the very pavement below.

Over him, meanwhile, as a kind of requiem over his vanity, there sounded the inexorable tolling of the bell.

"Bong!"

In the sacristy Michael Muldoon stood proudly by the bell-box, oblivious of the havoc he had wrought. The light was dim there, and surely no one could blame him for having mistaken the lever in his anxiety to please.

Father Hamill was a chastened man when he stood before his pastor next morning. But if he expected to be subjected to a scorching reprimand, he was greatly disappointed, for to his surprise, the old man said nothing at all at first about the weird happenings of the night before.

But in the midst of an account he was giving of a poor family in the parish that he wanted his assistant to visit, the phone rang.

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Father O'Connor answered the phone, greeted his caller, and then was silent while his features registered first puzzlement and then amusement.

"For the cemetery fund, you say?" he asked. "That's fine. Thank you very much, and God bless you."

"That," he said to his assistant, as he hung up the receiver, "was Mr. Rudy Ritzenhaus. Do you know him?"

"Wasn't he the one you gave the pledge to last week?"

"The same," said Father O'Connor. "The pledge lasted until yesterday and then, alas, it went the way of previous pledges."

"Too bad."

"Nevertheless," went on the pastor, lifting one eyebrow just a trifle as he spoke, "Rudy just assured me that he was tremendously inspired by the service last night."

"Was he in church?"

"No. I'm afraid Rudy spent the evening in Grogan's Bar. But he heard the bells, and he was much touched by them."

"The bells!"

"Yes. Mr. Ritzenhaus told me that slow, solemn tolling of the bell brought tears to his eyes. It brought back thoughts of his dear mother, long since deceased. He is on his way over here now to write me a 500 dollar check for the cemetery fund. He can well afford it, too, and better the cemetery fund should have the money than Grogan."

Father Hamill was silent; he could think of nothing to say at the moment.

"So you see, my boy," said the old pastor, "It's an ill wind that doesn't blow good. Don't take the events of last evening too hard. You'll fall on your face a few more times before your hair gets as gray as mine. You might as well get used to it."

"Thank you, Father," said Father Hamill. He felt both humble and grateful.

"And don't be too hard on poor old Michael Muldoon when you see him. It probably was the Lord Himself Who guided his fingers."

Progression

Monday

Now for the summer
School is out;
The children gambol
In happy rout.

Tuesday

The parents are happy
To see them play
And have their children
Throughout the day.

Wednesday

Says dad to mother
Above the din:
"When, oh when
Will school begin?"

LGM

For Wives and Husbands Only

Donald F. Miller

Objections to Breaking up a Bad Marriage

Problem: You have frequently said that Catholics living in an invalid marriage should separate from the person they are living with, and that their friends should try to persuade them to do so in order that they may return to the sacraments. Is this not very dangerous and evil advice? Suppose there are children born of the invalid marriage, who will then be responsible for their upbringing? And what about the innocent person, the non-Catholic who entered the marriage in good faith from his point of view? Doesn't he have some rights? And if his wife's friends urged her to leave him, would not the law have something to say, since the marriage is no doubt legally correct? The law would probably give the children to the parent who was deserted, usually the non-Catholic, and would they be any better off then?

Solution: The complications created by deliberate sin are always a great trial. However no true Christian would ever say that these complications are a reason for continuing in a state of sin.

The first duty of the Catholic Church, of every priest, of every zealous Christian, is to try to get individual souls out of an habitual state of sin and back on the road to heaven. Every complicated problem that might come up as a result of giving up a state of mortal sin must be considered secondary and subordinate to that first purpose.

In the case of Catholics who are living in invalid marriages, there is only one road back to God and away from hell, and that is through separation from the partner with whom they are living as if married in direct violation of the law of God.

It is true that this will mean hardship for the children. But that visible hardship will hardly be worse than the invisible but real hardship of being brought up in a home that is founded on sin. In most cases the latter hardship becomes all too visible before many years have passed. The sins of invalidly married Catholics are in a real sense visited upon their children. It is far better for the sinful parent to get back into the grace of God and to use every prudent means of providing for the children with God's grace supporting him (or her) than to continue to surround those children's lives with sin.

It is true too, that there may be difficulties with the civil law, and with the ire of a non-Catholic partner who may or may not be in good faith. Advisers of invalidly married Catholics must use prudence to lessen these difficulties, directing all their efforts to induce them to make their decision for the love of Jesus Christ and out of a hope of heaven. If they do that the other complications can be unravelled by degrees.

All of which constitutes another warning to Catholics tempted to enter an invalid marriage. By yielding to the temptation they will weave a web around themselves that only miracles of grace and courage will be able to dissolve later on.

August 15, 1944

Memories of harrowing scenes in the 2nd world war, sufficient to awaken renewed thanks to Our Lady of the Assumption.

Ernest F. Miller

IT WAS on August 15, 1944, the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, that I landed with the American troops at a town called St. Michel, on the Riviera, in southern France. We were puncturing the "soft under-belly" of the continent, as Churchill called it, in order to sweep the last vestiges of the Nazis out of western Europe. This was part of the final drive to end the war.

The convoy of warships, consisting of destroyers, troop-carriers, battleships and a wide variety of small landing craft had set on a zigzag course from Naples six days before. The trip over the Mediterranean was uneventful as far as enemy action was concerned. We saw no submarines, surface vessels or airplanes that might cause us trouble.

But I, as one individual amongst the thousands of military personnel taking part in the invasion, had a great deal of trouble. I was, so far as I knew, the only priest on my ship, which was a converted British passenger liner, now carrying about five thousand American troops and several hundred RAF (Royal Air Force) pilots and mechanics. It was my duty to hear the confessions of all the Catholic men, of whom there were well over a thousand, and to prepare them spiritually for whatsoever might happen when they stormed the shore on the morning of the landing.

From the first moment of my embarkation I was wondering how I would ever get through so great a num-

ber of confessions, distribute the thousands of Communions that the men would ask for and dispense the advice that would be indispensable at so critical a time as the hours preceding a full-scale attack on an enemy stronghold.

There would be the unavoidable difficulties hampering my work of military preparations to be made by the men as the ship churned on to her target. Everything would have to be in perfect order if the invasion was to be a success. At all and at odd hours the men would be completely busy, packing up this and unpacking that, taking inventory of their gear and making sure that their weapons were in good working order. How would I ever be able to take care of the most important preparation of all — making sure that every soul in my charge was in the state of grace in case death were to carry it into eternity at the end of the journey.

I was sitting on one of the decks the first evening of my arrival on the ship, pondering over the problem, when I felt a tap on my shoulder. On looking up I saw a tall, spare man, dressed in the blue of the Royal Air Force. I noted that his insignia was that of a colonel.

"Are you by any chance an R. C. chaplain?" he asked. The British called Catholic chaplains "R. C's," an abbreviation for Roman Catholic.

"I am," I answered.

"Shake," he said. "I'm a priest myself, British, it is true, but nevertheless

a priest. I've been over the whole ship and it seems that you're the only other one of us on board. We're going to have a time of it getting these chaps in shape for the big moment."

He sat down beside me and we talked. Before the evening was over, we had made all our plans for the spiritual coverage of the ship. I do not remember the priest's name. I never saw or heard of him again after I left the ship. But he impressed me as a man of fervent zeal, great kindness and true devotion to duty. His rank of colonel did not stand in the way of his serving the lowliest privates with the same measure of care and charity with which he served the highest placed officers. If over in England, where probably he now resides, he reads these lines, I want him to know how much I appreciated the priestly character that shone so brightly in his deep faith and unstinting self-sacrifice.

As I said, the journey lasted six days before we came in sight of the hills that rise up from the shores of southern France. Our direction was devious rather than direct. It was the purpose of those in charge of the force to deceive and to elude an enemy lurking either below or above the surface of the sea. And so we tacked this way and that, plunging forward for a time, only to retrace our steps when we seemed to be making our best progress. Never had the sea been so cruelly treated by the hand of man as it was in that relatively short distance that lay between Naples and St. Michel.

During most of this time the British priest and I heard confessions. Probably there wasn't a Catholic on board from top to bottom who did not receive the sacrament. It is more than probable that not a few Protestants also presented themselves for absolution without our knowing that they

were Protestants. When we were not hearing confessions, we were saying Mass or distributing Holy Communion. Saying Mass raised difficulties.

Every square foot of the ship's decks was occupied by a soldier. In fact, the crowd of troops aboard was so great that no one except in urgent necessity was allowed to move from the position given him when he first embarked. A warning was sounded over the public speaker that if too many men moved to one side of the ship, a capsizing might follow. Our problem was to get to the men with Mass. It was clearly impossible for them to get to us.

Thus, we said Mass in every available corner. And wherever we said it, there was always a multitude present. Before the war non-Catholics may have thought that the Mass was nothing more than superstition. But now, as we moved slowly forward to the field of battle, they seemed happy enough to be present, and even, in some instances, to get down on their knees in imitation of the Catholic men around them. Nor could their conscience have been bothering them, for more than one of them was facing certain death.

On the morning of August 15th the convoy stopped. It was dawn, and the land could be dimly seen not too far off in the distance. As we crowded the rails (those of us who were lucky enough to be near the rails) and watched, wave after wave of huge bombers flew over our heads toward the shore where they dropped their bombs, swung gracefully around and flew over our heads again on their journey home. It was a terrifying yet spectacular sight. Enemy anti-aircraft was sending up innumerable streamers of tracers of brilliant reds and greens. And the shore — it was as though the shore had come alive. In a hundred, in

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a thousand different places huge geysers of dirt and flame and smoke and blasted masonry rose high in the air, mushrooming out in pillowy clouds of black and white. Buildings were burning fiercely. Trees were splintered and broken and twisted. We wondered how any human thing could survive so vicious an attack and so raging an inferno.

But that was not all. When the bombers had done their work, the battleships began. Salvo after salvo of heavy shells were fired into the burning wreckage. The sea trembled with the explosions of the guns as they went off, and of the shells as they hit their targets. The men were silent as they watched this almost praeternatural display of fireworks that had for its only end destruction and devastation and death. Even the least intelligent and the most hardened amongst them undoubtedly wondered how it ever came about that man could bring himself to be so inhuman to his fellowman as to use such frightful instruments to wipe him from the face of the earth.

How long the "softening up" process went on I do not remember. All I recall is that suddenly an order came down that I in company with a hundred or so other men should make ready to disembark. It was getting on now toward eight o'clock. We were to leave the comparative safety of our big ship, and that, by means of a rope netting hanging down the side, for the cramped quarters of a smaller craft bobbing on the waves below us, known as an LCT, or Landing Craft Troops.

To crawl down the side of a ship is not an easy task unless one has been a steeple jack or bridge builder in civilian life. First of all we seemed to be at least a mile above the water where we stood at the rail. Secondly, we were loaded down with all possible equip-

ment. We had life-jackets covering the upper part of the body. Under the jackets we had such items of survival as we would need before Supply could catch up with us after we had secured the beach. Besides all this I had my Mass kit which was definitely the heaviest thing that I was carrying. It contained all that I would need for the saying of Mass, even though I would have to do so on the ground or on a box. No priest in the army ever allowed his Mass kit to get out of sight. His power to say Mass was the reason for his being on so strange an adventure as an amphibious landing. Without a Mass kit he might just as well turn around and go home. So, I hung onto my Mass kit for dear life. Now, to scramble down a rope netting from the staggering height of the deck of an ocean liner while the ship heaved and tossed was a job not exactly in the province of my attainments. I had not been trained for this sort of thing in the seminary.

But I made it safely. And as far as I know, so did the men who were with me. At least I heard no splash indicating that someone had fallen into the sea. When all were finally in place, we set out for the shore.

A strange feeling hard to describe takes over the system as one comes closer and closer to an area where sharp bullets and big shells keep zinging and swishing through the air in an effort to find a likely place to blow up or merely to stop. The mouth becomes dry and conversation sparse. It seems tremendously important not to show the least sign of fear. Very probably I was repeating over and over again the act of contrition. The British priest had given me absolution before I went over the side of the ship, and I had obliged him with the same. All I could do now was to say the act of contrition.

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Luckily I was not like that other priest-chaplain who found himself hidden behind a barricade of clothes in a closet while enemy bayonets poked here and there seeking him out, and who for the life of him could think of no prayer to say except the grace before meals. "Bless us, O Lord, for these Thy gifts" did not seem to be quite appropriate for the occasion. But it was the only thought his mind would give him. And perhaps it had a power all its own, for by some miracle he escaped the probing bayonet.

Within a block or so of the shore I suddenly found myself in the water. My life did not pass before me in review. But I did realize with great sharpness that the water was soothingly warm, that the weather was beautiful with a bright sun and a blue sky overhead, and that it was a wonderful day to make one's exit from the wars of the world, the day being, as I said before, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It is not too clear to me just how I got to shore. I have a recollection of ropes and sailors and so on. But that's about all. I speak mildly when I say that I was pleasantly surprised to find myself on dry land and all in one piece. It was bad, indeed, to be on dry land with rifles and guns popping off around you; but it wasn't half as bad as attempting to swim in the Mediterranean sea with a steel hat on your head and half a ton of equipment including a Mass kit on your back.

The first sight to meet my eyes on the shore was not a pleasant one. On the shore lay dead and dying German soldiers. They were the victims of the bombardment. My clothes were soaked. I felt terrible. But my work was cut out for me. I began at once.

With the little German I knew I asked each wounded soldier if I could

help him. I said that I was an American priest, but that at a time like this there were no such things as enemies, that we were all brothers under God even though the color of our uniforms was different and the flags under which we fought were flags of nations vowed to destroy each other. Some of the men lying on the ground were so terribly torn that their flesh was literally shredded from their bones. Their suffering was almost more than I could bear.

Strange to say, not a single one amongst them refused my services. The Catholics I anointed. All during the war I kept my holy oils in the pocket of my shirt so as to have them ready on instant notice should I need them. Unfortunately I did not have the Blessed Sacrament with me for Viaticum. I had to be content with administering absolution and extreme unction. The non-Catholics I tried to lead to sorrow for their sins and baptism of desire.

It was quite some time before I finished my rounds of the wounded and the dying. Only then did I discover that I had been walking about in an area that had been mined against the invasion of the Americans. And by some providence of God I had not stepped upon a single mine. My outfit was now gone. All I could do was strike out for myself and see if I could find it in the confusion of thousands of soldiers who by this time had landed on the shore.

A blacktop road runs along the shore of the Mediterranean from St. Michel to a little town called Frejus, some four or five miles distant. On this road I set out. Evening was beginning to fall. Never before had I seen a more beautiful scene than that which stretched out before my eyes. The sun was going down. Vineyard-covered

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hills rose up from the sea. The sea, tranquil and multi-colored, reached out to the horizon. But marring all this beauty was the carnage and destruction of war. The contrast was most pronounced. I wonder if the Blessed Virgin on her feastday was weeping in heaven over the folly of her children.

It was dark when finally I found my men. I prepared immediately to say Mass for those who could attend. The place was in the middle of a huge vineyard, the grapes ripe and in great abundance hanging on the vines. My

altar was a box. The men were grimy and unshaven and tired to the point of collapse. My clothes hung on me like rags. But we went ahead with the Holy Sacrifice anyway. Undoubtedly it made up for the terrible things that had happened that day. At least it was a fitting way to close the day. When I finished, I put away my vestments in my Mass kit, made a short thanksgiving, and then lay down where I was. In a few moments I was asleep. The guns going off about me did not disturb me. I slept on through the night.

All Gone

A missionary priest was called to the bedside of a dying woman who was one of his converts in the Far East. Without losing a moment he went to the church to get the holy oils and the Blessed Sacrament for Viaticum. One of his little friends, a small boy of seven years, was standing in the doorway.

"Come with me, Kian," he said to the youngster, "I am going to bring the last sacraments to old Mrs. Lou, and I will need someone to carry a candle through the village."

The next morning, Kian went to school at the mission as usual. During catechism class, one of the native teachers asked him: "Kian, how many sacraments are there?"

Kian, who was too young to be thoroughly familiar with all the answers in the catechism, did not know what to say. He stood thinking things over, and then, all of a sudden replied:

"There are none now. Father and I gave the last sacraments to old Mrs. Lou yesterday."

Small Mystery

Much as one may try,
It's hard to figure why:
On the day two people marry,
Seldom does it vary:
The attitude of the groom
Suggests gloom!
But that of the bride,
Pride.

LGM

Pre-Marriage Clinic

Donald F. Miller

A Concealed Previous Marriage

Problem: After going with a young man for almost a year, and after having informally consented to marry him at some future time, I found out by accident that he, though a Catholic, had been civilly married before. He had married the girl for motives of chivalry alone, because he had gotten her into trouble as a result of their sins. They separated after a few months. The news was a great shock to me but I feel that I still love him very much and would like to marry him. Would I be taking a chance in so doing? Could I marry him in the Church?

Solution: If he was a Catholic at the time of his attempted marriage, and that was merely a civil ceremony, there is no question of the invalidity of the marriage. He must obtain a "declaration of nullity" in regard to that marriage, but with that he would be declared free to marry in the Catholic Church.

A far greater problem faces you, however, and it is that of determining whether he has character and virtue enough to make a successful marriage. There are three different evidences against his character. The first is that he fell into sin previously. That evidence can be counterbalanced by sincere repentance, a good confession, and by his present efforts not to lead you into the same sins he committed in the past.

The second evidence against him is the fact that he entered an invalid marriage. This means that at the time of the attempted marriage, his faith was weak: he was willing to give up the sacraments and the grace of God to marry this girl. That evidence can be counterbalanced only by a present sense of loyalty to Christ and His Church and the obligations of a Catholic that must be evident in all his words and actions.

The third evidence against his character is the apparent fact that he was not going to tell you about his previous attempted marriage, and that you had to find this out for yourself. This attempted concealment of a very unpleasant but important fact pertaining to his second prospective marriage is a fairly authentic sign that he has not yet attained the solid character necessary for a happy marriage. A man who has made such a serious mistake, repented of it and corrected it, will humbly admit it when there is question of entering a good, sacramental marriage. The man who tries to conceal such a mistake may be considered capable of doing similar evil things again.

The Story of the Mormons

One of the strangest and, at first, most unruly, of the many sects that blossomed in the American garden of revivalistic religion, Mormonism today has settled down into another quite respectable form of Protestantism. Yet its origins were quaint and disreputable.

John E. Doherty

SO MANY Protestants and Jews, interviewed recently by *The Catholic Digest*, said that they would never vote for a Catholic candidate for the presidency of the United States that the defeat of such a candidate is rendered morally certain. The reason for this attitude is fear that Catholics might take over the country. Such misguided patriots should study the story of the Mormons.

While it is true that the Catholic Church in this country is on the alert to preserve both the rights and the freedom of religion guaranteed by the Constitution, it is not a politico-religious organization, nor is it a clerical despotism. The religion of the Mormons, or the Church of the Latter Day Saints, however, is a Church-State, and precisely the monolithic type of organization that many imagine the Catholic Church to be. It has challenged the Constitution of the United States in the past, and at one time created a budding empire within the framework of the nation. Yet nothing proves more convincingly the marvelous powers of assimilation possessed by American democracy than the way in which it has absorbed this apparently indigestible sect into the state of Utah.

As a sect the Mormon Church is a by-product of frontier revivalism, and, with Christian Science, is one of the two most important sects generated on our shores. Both are exportable, and have numerous adherents abroad, especially in England, but neither needs a

label to identify it as "manufactured in the United States." But while both sprang out of the same Puritan New England environment, they contrast completely.

The founder of so-called Christian Science was a crotchety neurasthenic from the lowlands of New Hampshire, while the Mormon prophet was a Huck Finn from the green hills of Vermont. One can picture Mary Baker Eddy, the prophet of Christian Science, in the midst of a group of ladies on a winter's afternoon, dispensing her characteristic doctrine of "nothing is but thinking makes it so." The early Mormons, on the other hand, were earthy men and women who hewed for themselves a path across most of the continent to build a desert kingdom which is anything but ethereal and which they called the New Jerusalem. To be fully a Mormon, one should emigrate to that kingdom, while the kingdom envisioned by Christian Science exists nowhere but in the mind, and hence its supposed advantages may be had anywhere. Finally, there is not much room for conflict between a purely subjective and illusory kingdom like that of Christian Science and the visible power of the United States government; but the clash between the Mormon empire and the United States Constitution was violent and prolonged and it was not settled without bloodshed.

Solution of the Mormon Church-and-State issue is of transcendent importance in our history. It should prove

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to any thinking person that separation between Church and State is not absolute, but that there are certain Christian moral principles upon which the republic is based and which it will not sacrifice in favor of freedom of conscience for any group. The state of Utah was not accepted into the Union until the Mormons compromised on practices that they claimed were inspired and commanded by God, notably that of plural wives or polygamy. In yielding, the Mormons gave witness that they did not take seriously their "revelation" as on a par with the Bible. Indeed, a brief study of the sect will suggest that the founder of Mormonism did not take his inspiration seriously from the beginning.

There is a strange contrast between the Mormon of today and those who arrived, with Brigham Young, the successor of their first prophet, in the Salt Lake region of Utah in July of the year 1847. In a century's time they have made their desert kingdom literally "blossom like the rose;" but in their own lives their religion has become scarcely distinguishable from that of other prosperous, liberal Protestants, whose creeds upon investigation vanish into nothingness. The Mormon today is a wealthy, industrious farmer and a shrewd business man, and his economic interests extend far into "gentile" territory. Ezra Benson, the present secretary of agriculture in the cabinet of President Eisenhower, is not only a Mormon, but one of the Church's twelve apostles, which means that he is a cleric or bishop with prestige and ecclesiastical power equal, at least in his own Church, to that of a Catholic bishop. One shudders to think of the indignant outcry that would be raised if any President were to name the Catholic bishop of Salt Lake City as a member of his cabinet!

The Mormon of today is one of nearly a million members of the sect, about 800,000 of whom are in Utah and Colorado. Since the New Deal, when many of the less prosperous brethren accepted government relief and voted democratic, they are no longer completely deliverable as a political bloc, though the majority of them are republicans. At present, the governor of the State, the two United States senators, and all the congressmen are Mormons. Most Mormons believe strongly in free enterprise, and they are individually as well as collectively quite wealthy; but there was a time when their Church was communist. Even today the Church owns huge cooperative department stores, thriving hotels, one of the great banks of the west, and it controls huge tracts of land for the benefit of the faithful.

Some of the best schools and colleges in the country are in Utah, and the State has the lowest rate of illiteracy in the entire nation. The desire for book learning has given rise to a rapidly multiplying type called "Jack Mormon," who would never think of reading the "revelation" that founded Mormonism and who looks upon his religion as little more than a noble dream. With all that he is still a Mormon. His pride is in the mammoth temple of his Church at Salt Lake City, with its perfect acoustics, its magnificent organ, its choir of national and radio fame. He is strict about giving up a tenth of his income to the Church, and every male is, according to Mormon definition, in some degree a cleric or a priest. In fact, if he hopes to better himself socially or economically, he had better give two years of his young life to missionary work among the "gentiles."

Douglas Hyde, in the story of his conversion to Catholicism, describes

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pathetically the street-preaching of a couple of young Mormons in Bristol, England. They had saved up enough money to support themselves for two years of missionary work. Nightly they stood amid the other speakers on the public square, preaching to each other and hoping for an audience. None came except Hyde, and one night a slightly muddled lady, passing by, heard the word "Mormon" and began to accuse them loudly of "trying to pinch our daughters and take them back to Salt Lake City." Hyde was able to quell the riot that ensued, and in gratitude the Mormon preachers offered him the pastorate of the temple they hoped to build at Bristol, but for which as yet they had no parishioners.

The contrast between "Jack Mormon" of today, a conservative, law-abiding citizen, and the exuberant and uninhibited history of his sect is so great as to make him an enigma and a paradox. One feels that he cannot know the salient facts of that history and at the same time be sincere in his religious belief. Even the student of Mormonism is bewildered at its success unless he takes account of two things: one, the feverish atmosphere in which the sect was born, and the other, the undeniably great though frequently disreputable qualities of the personality and genius of the founder.

The ancestors of the Mormons came first to the craggy and snow-laden hills of New England, where life was grim and hard. Yet the trackless forests stretching beyond, with their hidden mysteries, their fathomless resources, and limitless opportunities, filled them with hopes and dreams of building a new and perfect society. Certain poets in England, Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth, had a childlike confidence in man's power to perfect himself in such an environment; they even

sketched plans for it and called it Pantistocracy, but, like true poets, they never got into action to make it a reality. Others were more practical if no less visionary. A German group started a colony on the Ohio called "Economy." Robert Owen, a Scotch mill owner, lost his fortune trying to sustain "New Harmony" on the banks of the Wabash. A Dartmouth graduate named John Humphrey Noyes experimented in various phases of Platonic Communism with a group of perfectionists at Oneida, New York.

It was religion, however, that gave the myth further shape and made it popular. Immigrants had come to this country, fettered by a cramping Calvinism. A great depression and a winter known in Vermont as "eighteen-hundred-and-froze-to-death" flung them into the wilderness in search of security. They moved restlessly through upper New York, down through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Missouri. As they left the region of established churches, they snapped the bonds of Puritanism and satisfied their religious hunger with revivals.

In the religious no-man's-land, even rigid churches like the Baptists melted into creedless caricatures: reformed Baptists, hard-shell Baptists, free will Baptists, seventh-day Baptists, foot-washers, and other sects. Eccentric Messiahs now arose: Mother Ann Lee, who called herself Christ incarnate and founded the Shakers with their weird religious dance and chant; Jemima Wilkinson, the "universal friend," who swore that she would never die; Isaac Bullard, who dressed in a bear-skin, preached that washing was a sin, and boasted that he had not changed his clothes in seven years; another character known as the "leatherwood God," who went about imitating John the Baptist and crying out:

"I am God. All who put their trust in me shall never taste death." The most dramatic of these Messiaes were those who produced plans for a millennial kingdom, which they said was revealed to them from heaven and into which they were to gather the elect. There was a terrible conviction along the frontier that the world was about to end, and many were sure that they could read in the Bible the very date on which the end would come.

Among such groups, when they appeared, the Mormons were almost conservative, but their revelation was still the zaniest of them all. It was actually supposed to have been dug up out of the ground. An angelic character named Moroni, unknown until this time in heaven or on earth, revealed its hiding place to the first Mormon prophet, who promptly excavated it and lugged it home. Nine witnesses, who said they either felt or saw it, described it as made up of gold plates with reformed Egyptian letters written on them. The testimony of these witnesses is all important, because the plates later disappeared.

None but the prophet himself could read the letters, though up to this time the only language he knew was the broken English of the Vermont countryside. Yet for his convenience the bundle of plates contained a pair of stone spectacles which he called his Urim and Thummim and, once he put them on, he reared back and gave forth, in language borrowed from the King James Protestant Bible, a stream of prophecy that never ceased till his death.

Dictated by the prophet to his amanuensis, the revelation was set down in books of a so-called new Bible with titles resembling those of the old Bible. One was the book of "Mormon;" another that of "Ether," which

Mark Twain called "chloroform in print." This Bible settled every question discussed by homespun philosophers on the frontier, such as freemasonry, Catholicism, republican government and the rights of man. Chiefly, however, it was a continuous revelation of things to be done and believed by the chosen people whom the prophet would gather around him. In the beginning it was but another version of fundamentalist faith resembling that of the "Disciples of Christ," but later it was to reflect the undisciplined mind of the prophet and to reduce the Christian faith of converts to a practical form of Mohammedanism or outright materialism. What attracted converts was the glowing picture of the new Jerusalem the prophet said he was about to establish.

Who was this prophet and founder of the Mormons? He was a handsome, highly dramatic giant with the prosaic name of Joseph Smith. Some have compared him to prominent movie actors of the present day, and this not only because of his marrying propensities, but also because of his physical appearance, personal charm and acting ability. He was a real leader and a positive genius; but as the founder of a religious sect he left much to be desired. The story is told of Bishop Talleyrand that one day a cynic asked him what a man must do to found a new religion. The Bishop answered: "He must die and rise again the third day."

Joseph Smith did die a moving and dramatic death and, according to the Mormon viewpoint, can be considered a martyr, but he has not risen except as a legend and source of embarrassment to any Mormon who looks at the facts of his life. In less than forty years he crowded into a hectic career such escapades as have been beyond

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the power of any novelist to make real. He is a prophet entirely without honor in the state of his birth. Near South Royalton, Vermont, Mormons have made a shrine out of the lowly farmhouse in which he was born, but in the town the signpost that points the way to it says with dry Vermont eloquence: "Visit the Joseph Smith Monument, world's largest polished shaft."

Smith's people had drifted up and down the Connecticut valley, some say just ahead of the sheriff, for the older Joe Smith was anything but a good provider. Before leaving for New York, the family lived three years opposite Dartmouth college on a farm in Norwich, Vermont. Had they remained there, young Joe might have attended the college and learned some discipline for his restless imagination. As it was, he acquired a remarkable amount of knowledge with practically no formal schooling, though he was never able to digest it well.

In western New York young Joe caught the current fever for treasure hunting, but it got him into trouble. He invented a "seer" stone which was supposed to act like a divining rod and lead to buried swag. His ability to persuade grown men to dig for him while he peered through his stone looking for likely spots resulted in his being cited to court and found guilty as a disorderly person. One of his debunkers wrote a book on these episodes called "Peepstone Joe Exposed," but it would not be long before he would conjure up the golden plates which Moroni, the son of Mormon of the tribe of Nephi, would reveal to him. Meanwhile, he had acquired his first wife, Emma Hale. Her father, a famous hunter, swore that Joe was anything but a prophet, accused him of stealing his daughter, and detested him to his dying day. Nevertheless Emma went with

young Smith willingly enough and, despite the competition of at least fifty other women, remained devoted to him, while the prophet, according to his own fashion, loved her more than all the others.

That anyone believed his dream about Moroni and the plates and the box he dug up containing them may have surprised no one more than Joseph Smith himself. Still he grew perceptibly with the discovery of his own powers and influence over others. Soon, besides his own family and his first wife, he had won a wealthy convert, Martin Harris, a farmer who was to be his financial angel. It was to Emma and Harris that the prophet, after draping a blanket between him and them and taking out his Urim and Thummim, dictated his first revelations. The wife of Harris, suspecting that her husband was being made a dupe, burned the completed manuscripts so that the prophet had to go on revealing. But when he finally published his book, the converts began to come. He established his church at Fayette, New York, and became known as the prophet of Palmyra.

It was one of the fundamental teachings of Smith that Christ, at the time of His coming, would lower His kingdom down upon the kingdom of the Mormons and there abide with His elect. Such a lowering would require careful aim, for the Mormon Zion was soon to move to Kirtland, Ohio, then to the far west, then to Adam-ondi-Ahman, then to Liberty and Independence, Missouri, then back across the Mississippi to several places in Illinois. Finally, after Smith's death, competing lieutenants would raise up Zions in various places, while the main body of Mormons would journey to the Great Salt Lake region in Utah.

Each move was attended by dra-

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matic excitement, and the Mormon trek was at the very head of frontier expansion. On their marches hundreds and even thousands joined them, and with the increase in numbers they grew in social, political and economic unity and power. They were a theocracy which, in simple terms, meant that Joseph Smith was a dictator who guided all their movements by inspirations said to be given him directly by God. Some of these revelations were strongly tinged with the human, such as the censure on the use of tobacco and strong liquor which many Mormons observe faithfully to this day.

In frontier days, nonetheless, the reputation of a gentleman often depended on the amount of liquor he could consume, and marksmanship with a rifle was more important than with a spittoon. Besides, there never was a better-humored prophet than Joe Smith; he was not above mixing it up with the boys, pitching horse-shoes and, when occasion demanded, battling it out with his fists. Meetings at the Smith home were always joyful and were made more so by the cup that cheers. Emma Smith objected so strenuously to cleaning up the barroom mess after such conclaves that her husband was moved to placate her by a revelation that decried the use of spirituous liquors and tobacco, especially chewing tobacco, as forbidden evils. Such an impulse the prophet would live to regret when certain blue-nosed Mormons would later tell him pointedly to obey his own revelations.

Other revelations would cause more searching doubts. In New York Joe Smith was haled into court by his "gentile" neighbors twice and tarred and feathered once. In Kirtland, Ohio, his inspiration on finances, banking and speculation gave rise to rival prophets and factions. It was here al-

so that he had to rescind his revelation called "the united order," which had made Zion a completely communistic venture. His tactics as a commanding general were singularly uninspired in Missouri. His appearance there with a fully armed band to rescue the Mormons from the hands of aggressive "gentiles" caused the governor of the State to send out his militia with orders to exterminate them. Then more than 12,000 Mormons crossed into Illinois. There they prospered for ten years in a town called Nauvoo, which grew to be the largest city and most potent political factor in the State. Once again, however, the prophet's political shortsightedness aroused enmity from without, and finally his revelation on polygamy brought about his ruin.

It was this last revelation that caused some of his own people to set up a newspaper for the purpose of exposing his follies. When Smith sent his army to destroy the paper, he brought the forces of the law upon his head. He had to give himself up to stand trial on various charges ranging from disorderly conduct to treason. It was while he was awaiting trial in Carthage, Illinois, that a crowd stormed the jail and mobbed him to death. This lynching is one of the most shameful blots on our history. It is true that the Mormon kingdom was now a State within a State. Politicians seeking the Mormon vote had given Smith a charter which put the Mormons above the laws of the State. He had been permitted to recruit his own private army and been given a commission as a lieutenant-general. He made himself a candidate for the presidency of the United States and threatened to make his own laws (under inspiration) for the whole country. It is true, too, that the newspaper exposures revealed Smith to be a teacher and practicer of

unrestrained sensuality. None of these things justified the lynching, which was as contrary to law and order as much of his own teaching.

His death gave the founder of the Mormons a prestige he could never have acquired in life, that of being a "martyr" at the hands of the gentiles. Besides, there was a capable successor, one who was something less of a prophet but more practical as a leader. A child in a history test was once asked to give the name of the second leader of the Mormons. The child answered, with more truth than exactness, "Bigamy Young." Brigham Young was to marry twenty-six times and to leave behind him fifty-six children.

After Smith's death, the practice of polygamy had something to do with the breaking up of the Mormons into new sects, since several self-styled prophets arose to claim that they had inherited his mantle. Though most of these favored polygamy, some were opposed to it. One such was James J. Strang, who set up a Zion on the Beaver Islands in Lake Michigan. At first Strang bitterly denounced polygamy, but a meeting with a pretty school teacher was coincident with a new revelation that helped him to see the light.

Other offshoots of the Mormons became known as the "Temple Lot Mormons," the "Bickertonians," the "Cutlerites," etc. Probably the most important of these lesser groups is the "Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints" founded by Joseph Smith III, son of the prophet and his first wife, Emma. Young Smith gathered the disaffected men who first tried out different Mormon sects and at length deluded themselves with the legend that polygamy was introduced by Brigham Young unknown to the prophet Smith.

Young himself had no doubts about it. Up to his time, though Smith had announced it as a divine command, plural wivery had been surreptitious, but Young made it an open and religious practice. Under him polygamy became puritanical if not respectable. His home had none of the lush aspects of an oriental harem, but one of his many wives later wrote a starry-eyed biography in which she featured him as a loving husband to many and a devoted father to his regiment of children. At his death he left an estate valued at \$2,000,000, but he had built up Zion, the Church-State and budding empire which the Mormon founder had described as a revelation from heaven.

This was not done without violence, for the Mormons were no longer in any mood to be intimidated by the "gentiles." The *Encyclopedia Britannica* relates the massacre by the Mormons of a band of immigrants passing through Utah to California in which 150 persons were killed outright and only 17 children spared. The latter-day saints assassinated those whom they suspected of hostility to their church or opposition to Brigham Young, and again the United States government had to send troops to curb their activities.

For thirty years the government tried to legislate polygamy out of existence, and up to 1890 leading elders among the Mormons were often sent to the penitentiary as common criminals. At last, after Brigham Young's death, the Mormon empire capitulated to the political, social and moral pressure of the rest of the United States and petitioned to be reckoned part of it. In 1890, Douglas Woodruff, the fourth president of the Mormons, renounced the practice of plural marriage in an effort to win statehood and peace. In later years the Mormon hierarchy turned against the principle of poly-

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gamy to such an extent that today it heaps on a dissenting sect among them that still adheres to it the same indignant fury and self-righteousness that their forefathers were made to feel a generation before.

What are we to think of present day Mormons? It would be unjust to give the impression that the immorality of their early founders was practiced by the generality of the people or that it is in any sense true of the adherents of the sect today. It is estimated that no more than three per cent of Mormons ever indulged in plural wivery, and it is apparently true that they were the most orderly and industrious group on the frontier. While there is a prodigious literature on the Mormons, most of it has come from disaffected members of the sect whose personal lives were so shameless as to rob them of creditable veracity. This is not the case with the scholarly book by Mrs. Fawn Brodie, "No Man Knows My History." In it she betrays a fond admiration for Joseph Smith, but she has isolated the salient facts of early Mormon history with painstaking thoroughness. Noth-

ing could be more damning to Mormonism that the simple facts she records.

The average Mormon no longer reads the holy books of Joseph Smith, and the only revelation with which he is familiar is that which forbids the use of tobacco and alcohol. Hence little remains of Smith's religion except a trust in material prosperity as the reward of a good life, the belief in eternal progression on the road to godhood, and the temple ritual which Smith adapted from freemasonry. Since the Mormons reject original sin, the saving death of Jesus Christ loses its real meaning for them. To most people of today, therefore, they are just another liberal Protestant sect like the Unitarians.

But it all began with a man who dug up a new revelation out of the ground, who inserted a text into the Christian Bible stating that Joseph Smith would arise to found the Mormons, and who once said, in the classic understatement of all time: "Whenever I see a pretty girl, I am tempted."

Communist Clowns

The *Chicago Tribune* offers the following:

"We always thought that it was the business of a circus clown to wear floppy shoes, make his nose light up, and cause children to laugh. Now, it appears, this is a grave mistake. Communist clowns in Hungary, in the opinion of the party organ, have failed to acquaint themselves with the fact that they represent 'one of the most important sectors of the cultural front.' Lacking this realization, the party scolds, these clowns obey a capitalistic formula in practicing their art.

"We trust that the communist clowns of Hungary will take this instruction to heart. Otherwise, it may be no laughing matter."

Opening Offer

The following ad appeared in the Stroudsburg, Pa., *Record*, and was inserted by a butcher, who, his customers claim, is a nice gentleman, in spite of the misprint. His ad read:

"Watch for Opening Announcement of the Wishbone Poultry Shop Featuring Fresh Cut-Up Children."

For Non-Catholics Only

F. M. Louis

On the Necessity of One True Religion

Objection: I am not a member of any particular denomination, although I believe in God and consider myself a Christian. Why do you Catholics hold so strongly that your Church is the only true one? Are not all the Christian churches good, each in its own way, since each has as its object to lead men to heaven?

Answer: This question reflects an attitude of mind which is quite common among Americans, although, when it is analyzed, it can easily be demonstrated to be illogical.

Certainly all the Christian churches would be equally true if all taught the same essential truths. But it is precisely in essentials that they differ among themselves. It would not be difficult for the sincere inquirer to establish this fact for himself. He need only inquire into the basic beliefs of a number of representatives of different faiths. He might propose the following questions:

1. Was Christ really God, or was He merely a man?
2. Is baptism absolutely necessary to get to heaven, or is it non-essential?
3. Is there such a place as hell?
4. Are we to take Christ's words literally when He said over the bread: "This is my body"?

The sincere inquirer would find basic disagreement on these important points.

Now God surely cannot contradict Himself. Either the answers to these questions are in the affirmative or in the negative, but they cannot be both affirmative and negative at the same time. To hold this is to be completely illogical; it is to pretend that God can reveal a truth to us one moment, and deny it the next. Yet such is the logical consequence of believing that "one religion is as good as another."

Truth does not have many faces; it is one. That is why the Catholic Church teaches and has always taught that there is only one true Church founded by Christ Himself, and that she can establish and prove her right to be regarded as that Church.

Holding this, she must as a logical consequence hold that God wanted men to belong to the one true Church. Sincere and right-living members of other churches can be saved if, through no fault of their own, their minds are obscured to the truth. But this does not impair the essential fact that Christ founded one Church, gave His authority to that Church, and told the first Pope and bishops of that Church (who were the apostles): "He who hears you, hears Me; he who despises you, despises Me."

Is Marriage Your Vocation?

Such thoughts as these cannot be repeated too often and cannot be heard or read too often by those who marry. They are the only answer to unhappy and broken homes.

Mathias J. Huber

WHENEVER A YOUNG priest celebrates his first solemn mass, we hear a sermon about the dignity and glory of the priesthood. Whenever a young lady receives the veil in a convent chapel or pronounces her vows as a nun, we hear a sermon about the beauty and sacredness of the religious life.

That is as it should be.

But when a young man and a young woman give themselves to each other in the sacred and solemn contract of marriage and thereby administer to each other the holy sacrament of matrimony, it is not very often, if ever, that we hear a sermon about the glory, the dignity, the beauty and the sacredness of marriage.

And that is NOT as it should be.

Now, this is not intended as the beginning of a long campaign in favor of preaching a sermon at every marriage ceremony. However, I should like to remark in passing, that a short, unsugared, common-sense talk, given by the priest who officiates at the marriage, about the meaning, the sacredness, the seriousness and the responsibilities of marriage, would not be entirely worthless.

But I wonder whether that particular moment of the actual marriage ceremony is the proper time to preach a sermon like that. The bride is too breathless, the groom is too nervous, the wedding party at the altar too self-conscious, the women in the congregation too concerned about the bride's gown and the men too overburdened

with the effort they are making to look devout and dignified.

Who could expect them, at that tense moment, to relax and listen with benefit to a rousing sermon on marriage?

However, as I pointed out above, the idea is not entirely worthless.

Further, this is not an attempt to deliver a sermon about the glory and dignity of married life to make up for all the sermons that have not been preached at weddings in the past.

This is merely a little bit of an effort to swing the balance the other way by writing a few words in praise of marriage and married life.

To help me say the right things, I ask St. Joseph to stand beside me and look over my shoulder while I write and to take over for me if I don't open my mouth far enough or if I don't keep it open long enough in praise of family people.

St. Joseph! There was a man! A man's man! A family man!

Like the sermons in praise of married life — we don't hear enough about him. But if anyone ever knew the dignity and the glory of family life, he was the man. Head of the Holy Family! Husband of Mary! Foster-father of the Son of God!

As a beginning of my effort to speak in praise of marriage and family life, I give you the best example of family life ever seen on this earth: the Holy Family of Nazareth!

And, since St. Joseph is the patron

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saint of all who are in love, both before and after marriage, I ask him to see to it that these words are read by all who need a clearer understanding of God's ideas about marriage.

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One of the many wrong ideas people have about marriage today is that married life is simply a more convenient and pleasurable way of living than living alone. That idea, too, is one of the many reasons why young people often marry hastily, with less planned preparation than they would employ before going on an all-day picnic. As in the case of the picnic, their one purpose is pleasure. To put it another way, all straight, sensible thinking is drowned by the flood of what they think is love, but many times is simply the sacred and wonderful gift of sex-attraction which God gave them to use as the foundation on which to build the lasting friendship which is called love.

People who begin married life with this sleepy, one-eyed glance at marriage will not admit it, but all their reasons for getting married are curdled by selfishness, a desire of happiness for themselves.

How do people get these wrong ideas about marriage?

Well, one reason why many persons do not get a true picture of the beauty and glory of family life is that they look for their ideas about marriage too close to the ground and not close enough to heaven. For example, they will place eating and getting married on about the same level and very smoothly come to the unreasoned conclusion that getting married and having a family are just as simple and uncomplicated as eating a piece of delicious cake.

Eating and getting married, it is true, are both natural. It is part of the

nature of every human being to be strongly inclined to eat and also to get married.

That is true.

But eating is not a matter of free choice. It is a MUST. You must eat. If you don't you will be very hungry after a while, and if you don't eat for a very, very long time, you will starve to death.

It is not so with marriage. I don't know of any people who died because they did not get married. Getting married is not a MUST. Getting married is a matter of choice. Getting married is a matter of intelligently and freely choosing a way of life that has been offered by God to all the members of the human race.

I think we have developed this line of reasoning sufficiently to say, at this point, that getting married is an answer to an invitation from God; and in this sense we can say that marriage is a vocation, and that all who enter married life are answering a particular call from God.

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If a young man becomes a priest because he is convinced that God wants him to save his soul and serve Him as a priest, if a young woman enters the convent because she is convinced that God wants her to save her soul and serve Him as a nun, then a man and a woman who have the right idea of marriage will enter married life because they are convinced that God wants them to save their souls and serve Him as married people.

Each one of the three kinds of persons mentioned, the priest, the nun, the married person and, in a similar sense, the person who lives a single life in the world, must at some time in life ask and answer the question. "What am I going to do with my life?"

The first answer for everybody is

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on the first page of the catechism: "I am going to know God, love Him and serve Him here on earth, so that I shall be happy with Him forever in heaven."

But beyond that, is there something special that God wants each one of us to do with our life? Yes, God has something special, something very definite for each one of us to do.

Not too many sensible people will argue with that statement, but many will by-pass it by offering the solution, "Oh, sure! But young people know what they want; and some day, if they don't become priests or nuns, they'll gradually drift into marriage or else be bachelors or old maids."

Another attitude towards the statement that God has something particular and definite for each one of us to do besides getting to heaven, is found not so much in an expressed statement but rather in an indifferent, drifting reluctance to make a decision about a state of life. It amounts to this: "Yes, I suppose God has something special for me to do. But God knows what it is, and God can arrange things according to His will. If He has some special state in life prepared for me, can't I just wait until He lets me know in some way what He wants me to do? He will arrange events and circumstances so that at last I'll find myself in the state of life which He intended for me."

Well, if we were all just like a long line of railroad coaches or freight cars, which are shunted about and switched here and there, formed into a train and carried off across the country, then God could, in a similar fashion, shunt and switch us around and make a streamliner out of the crowd of us so that we would be carried off to the skies at the cry of, "All aboard for heaven!"

But God gave us a mind that must

seek and recognize truth; He gave us a free will that must choose to do what is recognized as right. And God respects that freedom of choice which is ours.

Is it really a matter of my choice what state of life shall be mine? Yes, it is. I am free to choose as I will.

But I thought it was all planned in the mind of God, what I am to be: married, single, a nun, a priest.

Yes, it is planned by God.

Then how can my choice be free?

Before you make your choice you must make a serious effort to learn what God's plans are in your regard; you must pray and seek the advice of those who can help you. When you have obtained a reasonable certainty of God's plan for you, then it is up to you to make a free choice.

Anybody who has some understanding of what the priesthood or life in the convent means certainly expects young people to think it over carefully, to find out what the priesthood or religious life really means, to know what they are doing, to be old enough to make a choice of that kind and to be free to make a decision to live the life of a priest or nun, before they choose the priesthood or religious life.

Why is it that the same kind of knowledge about what marriage really is, the same careful thought and deliberation and free choice are not looked for in young people before they enter marriage?

One answer is, as we have indicated far above, that people have the wrong ideas about marriage. That is why young people so often believe that all they need as a reason for stepping into marriage is a vague, unexplainable, overpowering desire which can be expressed in the words, "I want to get married."

The situation would be very much

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different if these young people understood what marriage really is; if they understood that marriage is a state of life, an invitation and a call from God, an unbreakable contract that involves awful responsibilities, a contract that has been made a sacrament by the will and the action of God.

Of the four states in life, the married, the single, the priesthood and the religious life, only two have been made a sacrament: the priesthood and marriage. Surely God must consider the answer to His call to marriage highly important if He makes it a sacrament, and if through this sacrament He gives a pledge that He Himself will always be at hand to help the married keep the promise they made on the day of their wedding.

When a young man is ordained to the priesthood, the bishop administers to him the sacrament of holy orders. When a man and woman marry each other, the sacrament of matrimony is not administered to them by the priest, but they themselves administer the sacrament to each other, and each one becomes a channel through which the grace of God is poured into the soul of the other.

When they marry, a man and a woman make a solemn promise to help each other to live happily according to God's plan for married people and to help each other to get to heaven. They bind themselves to care for their children and to do all they can to help their children bring their souls safely back to God.

If that is what two young people really *mean* when they marry, we can at least begin to believe that they have a correct idea of what marriage really is.

When two young people marry, it might cause some lifting of eyebrows and wide-eyed stares, but it would be

highly commendable and carry a powerful, lasting lesson, if the young man, for example, would step back a few paces from the girl of his choice, look at her with some coolness and much calmness and say to her: "Look, my dear girl, this decision we are about to make is going to last a long, long time. So let's get this straight. I believe firmly that I am free to love you or not to love you, just as you are free to love me or not to love me. But here and now, I deliberately, with full knowledge of what I am doing, with as full a knowledge as I can have of what married life means in all its less pleasant details, and with full freedom of choice, I choose to love you, to love you now and to keep on loving you as long as we live, no matter what may happen in the years to come. And I expect you, my dear, to make the same kind of free and understanding choice to love me and to keep on loving me as long as we live. I make this free choice to love you and to keep on loving you in marriage because I am convinced that married life is the way in which God wants both of us to serve Him here on earth and the way which will lead us and our children to heaven."

Yes, it might be a bit of a shock to most people at the wedding if a bridegroom were to get that little speech off his chest just before the marriage ceremony. But he makes just about the same statement when he says in the words of the marriage ritual, "I take you for my lawful wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part."

The ritual or book of the marriage ceremony impresses this sacredness of the sacrament of marriage upon the young couple and upon all who are

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present for the ceremony when it directs the officiating priest to address these words to the man and woman about to receive the sacrament of matrimony:

"My dear friends: You are entering into a union which is most sacred and serious. Sacred, because it has been planned and offered to you by God. Serious, because it will bind you together in a relationship so close and so intimate, that it will deeply influence your whole future. This relationship will last for life. This future which you face, with its hopes and disappointments, its successes and its failures, its pleasures and its pains, its joys and its sorrows, is hidden from you now. You know that all these things come into the life of everybody and therefore they are to be expected in yours, — in that life which you now begin together. You do not know what lies before you; nevertheless, you take each other for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death.

"It is a beautiful tribute to your undoubting faith in each other that, knowing the seriousness of the words you are about to speak when making this contract of marriage, you nevertheless are so willing and ready to pronounce them. Because these words bring to you such serious obligations, it is most fitting that you build the security of your wedded life upon the great principle of self-sacrifice.

"So you begin your married life by the voluntary and complete surrender of your individual lives for the sake of that deeper and wider life which you are to live together. From now on you belong entirely to each other. You will be one: one in mind, one in heart, and one in affection. Whatever sacrifices you may be asked to make in your married life in order to preserve your

life together, always make them generously. Sacrifice is always hard and trying. Only love can make it easy, and perfect love can make it a joy. Our willingness to sacrifice is always measured by our love. And when love is perfect, the sacrifice is complete.

"No greater blessing can come to your married life than pure wedded love, loyal always, always true, as long as life shall last. May this love with which you join your hands and hearts now, never fail, but grow deeper and stronger as the years go by. If your life is guided in all its actions by the unselfish spirit of sacrifice, you can expect the greatest happiness that anyone can hope for in this vale of tears.

"The rest is in the hands of God.

"And God will not fail you in your every need. At this moment He pledges you the life-long support of His graces in the holy sacrament which you are now going to receive."

Can anyone say more than that about the beauty, the dignity and the glory of marriage? Those words are a reminder and a remainder of Paradise.

Why do married people so often and so soon after marriage forget the words they said to each other at the altar on their wedding day? Why do married people so often wait until their silver wedding or their golden anniversary to repeat the promises they made when they began their married life together?

Let's come right down to earth and think of you, Mr. and Mrs. Married People. Why can't you, at least on every anniversary of your marriage, or even every month, or even every day, especially when one of the little storms of married life blows up and then calms down again, why can't you repeat what you said on your wedding day?

Let's say your name is Joe and her name is Mary. And you say, "Mary,

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I take you for my wife, to have and to hold for always, richer, poorer, for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, until death." And she says to you, "Joe, I take you for my husband, to have and to hold, for always, richer or poorer, better or worse, in sickness, in health, until death."

Try it sometime, Joe and Mary.
And if you do, you will almost see the

angels in heaven, — some of them jumping up and down for joy, some of them looking happily out of the windows of heaven, and at least one little angel dipping one of his feathers into the golden ink of heaven and writing on the gates of Paradise these words:

JOE LOVES MARY.

MARY LOVES JOE.

Prayer of Lay Apostles

Lord Jesus, who has conferred on us the honor of giving auxiliary effort, however slight, to the apostolate of the hierarchy; you who have asked the heavenly Father, not to remove us from the world, but to preserve us from evil: grant us your copious light and strength to overcome in ourselves the spirit of darkness and sin, so that, mindful of our duties, steadfast in good works and inflamed with zeal for your cause, we may, by devoting our resources to good example, prayer, industry and the supernatural life, become day by day more worthy of the office we are discharging and more capable of establishing and promoting among men, our brothers, your kingdom of justice, love and peace.

Pope Pius XII in the Forum.

One Form of Persecution

The Communists constantly transfer and reshuffle parish priests in Red countries, in an effort to isolate them from the people. The priests are suddenly pulled out of bed at night and taken to a different parish. They have no opportunity to tell their flock that they are leaving or where they are going. The following Sunday a new priest appears at the altar. The parishioners never know whether their former pastor has been imprisoned, or whether the new "pastor" is really a genuine priest or a phony one planted in the parish by the Reds.

Sideline Profits

In India, the income of the laundryman or *dhobi* is not restricted to the one or two annas per piece that he receives for washing other folks' clothes in the Ganges. Whenever he gets a chance, he rents out his customers' garments. If one girl has a beautiful *sari* in the wash, another may be wearing it next week, or some *babu's* banquet table may be covered with the Rev. Padre Sahib's bed-sheet. The laundryman's family are "the best dressed folk in town" for he has the whole village wardrobe to choose from, as he pounds the dirt out on his beating board, and watches for new finery to appear in the laundry.

Readers Retort

In which readers are invited to express their minds about articles and opinions published in *The Liguorian*. Letters must be signed and full address of the writer must be given, though city and name will be withheld from publication on request.

(A few very bitter and insulting letters have been received in recent weeks by the editors, but they were unsigned. We do not hesitate to publish attacks on us, and to try to answer them as charitably and clearly as possible, but we repeat that anonymous letters will not be published. Those who courageously sign their name and address will be treated with every courtesy, no matter what they have to say to us.)

Mansfield, Ohio

"Just finished your splendid article, 'Can Mixed Marriages Be Happy?' and thought I would give you my experience. I am originally from France, and despite all that has been said about my country's weak faith, it is still predominantly Catholic. When I met my American man in France, the difference of religion between us seemed small. I insisted on marriage in a Catholic Church, but my husband could not understand French, and the priest could not speak English, with the result that my husband got little out of the pre-marriage instructions. I know now the absolute truth of your statement that a Catholic who enters a mixed marriage 'assumes the obligation of being, not an ordinary, but an heroic Catholic.' How often I have felt the lonely ache at Mass when I saw other couples united in their faith; how often I have winced at the flippant remarks about my faith, about the Church, about divorce! It is a constant but invisible cross. When I think back how blindly I wandered into marriage in another country, I wonder if I really had my senses. No doubt you are snowed under by letters from people telling you how wonderfully their mixed marriages have worked out. To lay people, I

would say the same, but in my heart I know it is anything but all sunshine. To young people I say, when you're in love, religion may not seem too important but it is. Being torn between Christ and your earthly love is a great and constant cross.

Mrs. M. J. B."

This is only one of many letters we have received corroborating our statements that unity in faith and religion is necessary to happiness in marriage. It is sad that so many individuals will take no one's word for this, but insist on finding it out by bitter experience.

The editors

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"In regard to the Sideglances in the June LIGUORIAN (dedicated to John Dewey's philosophy of education) I thought you might be interested in the following short letter which I wrote and which was published in a New York City daily paper: 'Princeton University students incited a sex riot; Dartmouth students got an eight-year-old boy intoxicated; Haverford students were arrested for damaging property; female freshmen at Swarthmore stormed a men's dormitory in a raid that was called the reverse of the usual panty-raid.' — Progressive education has led to aggressive education. These and many more incidents prove that it is more than just one man's opinion that Dewey's philosophy of education could take us back to paleolithic days. This is progress? This is education? God bless your work with THE LIGUORIAN. Keep punching!

J. P. L."

While incidents like the above could happen in the best of schools, the point to be

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remembered is that there is nothing in the Dewey philosophy of education that effectively condemns them, and nothing that gives teachers and educators a sound basis for punishing and trying to correct them. It is one thing for young people to do wrong; it is another and a far worse thing for older people like Dewey and his followers to state that there is no such thing as right and wrong.

The editors

Milwaukee, Wisc.

"Your magazine is great; it's relaxing and educational. One subject dealt with by some of your readers is exasperating me no end. Why all the clamor as to whether or not children of Catholic parents should attend a public school? It's my opinion that it should not even be necessary for the Church to insist on this. What is wrong with some of these Catholics? Are they ashamed of the teachings of their Church? Where but in the Catholic schools will their children learn the origins and teachings of the great faith of which every Catholic is proud? It is my impression (or am I wrong?) that parents usually try to obtain for their children advantages that they themselves were denied. This should hold spiritually as well as materially. A thorough religious education cannot be attained through weekly instructions; a child must come into contact with the faith day after day. Perhaps some parents fear that the Sisters are not qualified so well as public school teachers. Without casting any aspersions I can testify how untrue this is. I left a public school to enter the 5th grade of a Catholic school, and there found myself woefully lacking in my knowledge of various subjects. The Sisters helped me along on the side till I was up with the rest. It stands to reason that they can do better, because they have dedicated their lives to the work for the love of God.

Mrs. J. B."

No doubts here, no secularism, no re-

bellion. May this letter encourage doubters and laggards.

The editors

Duluth, Minn.

"The current squabble in THE LIGUORIAN about Catholic schools has got me into a bit of a dither with my wife. We live two and a half miles from the Catholic school and there is no bus service or any other form of transportation. Since we live up here in snowbound northern Minnesota (woe unto me if the Chamber of Commerce reads this) where the temperature often reaches 30 below zero, I did not think it necessary to get our pastor's permission to send our young children (six and eight years old) to the nearby public school. My wife fears that it was wrong not to do so. I am a convert to the faith, due mostly to one of God's greatest priests, Msgr. Michael Boland, and I want to enjoy the complete spiritual fullness of being a Catholic. The emptiness of Protestantism almost drove me to atheism before Msgr. Boland showed me the light that will shine forever. Please let me know if I have any obligation regarding the school and thus get me out of the doghouse with my wife.

N. N."

In a case like this the permission of the pastor may be presumed because of the obvious physical danger involved if the small children had to walk through snowdrifts and below-zero cold. It remains advisable, however, for even such Catholic parents to speak to their pastors about the matter. By expressing their sorrow over not being able to send their children to a Catholic school, Catholic parents often bring to the attention of their pastors the need of bus service and other conveniences, which, in time, they may be able to provide.

The editors

Forest Hills, N. Y.

"It has taken me this long for my low blood pressure to come down from the

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heights since reading the criticism of Catholic schools by one of your New York City readers who says that she witnessed so much corporal punishment. I disagree entirely with her. I too am from one of the boroughs of New York City. I attended a Catholic school from kindergarten to fourth year high school. The worst punishment we got was banishment 'to the last row' and 'we stayed after school.' To lose our report card seats was terrible. The only time I ever saw corporal punishment was when one outstanding case was made to hit his own knuckles with a ruler. I am in a position to meet many former Catholic school pupils and graduates. I have asked many of them about corporal punishment and not one recalls any wide use of it. My own two 'flounder-foots' have yet to be struck in any way, though one of them enjoys the detention room now and then. I wonder if your correspondent was one of the unhappy maladjusted cases.

Mrs. M. S."

We are glad to publish this report on the New York Catholic school system in response to one or the other maligning letters.

The editors

Brockport, N. Y.

"We have been getting THE LIGUORIAN for about three years and it has been a great source of help and inspiration to us. We have let all other magazine subscriptions expire except this. We would be lost without it. There is only one suggestion that I think would improve THE LIGUORIAN, and that is a question and answer department. I was born a Catholic but still have much to learn about my faith. Questions and answers would help. Here is a question that has been disputed hotly around here lately. Is it disrespectful to wear a kerchief on one's head to Mass? It is the custom in these parts to wear such head-covering almost any place and they are often seen in church. I do not see how they could possi-

bly be disrespectful to God, and I do not think anybody should be told what to wear in church so long as they are modestly dressed.

H. P."

THE LIGUORIAN deals with so many varied questions in its different departments that we have not considered using a part of it for questions and answers at random . . . With regard to the kerchief problem, the answer rests with the question of what kind of a kerchief is meant. It would not be proper regularly to go to Mass wearing only a small piece of linen obviously designed as a handkerchief and not a head-covering. Such a kerchief might do in a pinch, but should not be made regular church wear, just as it would not be used for any other social occasion. If by kerchief is meant the large babushka which is a common style of feminine head covering, we see nothing improper about wearing such to church services.

The editors

St. Louis, Mo.

"I have received two LIGUORIANS so far and have not yet seen anything in them about the questions that children ask about sex. For instance, how should I answer my ten-year-old when he asks, 'Where do babies come from?' I did not know what to say and just told him you get the baby from the hospital. Is there any other way this question should be answered?

S. M."

The pamphlet. "HOW TO GIVE SEX INSTRUCTIONS," taken from an article published in THE LIGUORIAN some time ago and put out by THE LIGUORIAN PAMPHLET OFFICE, LIGUORI, MO., at 5c a copy, plus postage, will help you to do a better job of answering such questions.

The editors

Baltimore, Md.

"Permit me to congratulate you for publishing such a wonderful magazine. It has been very instructive; in fact, it is the best

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I have ever read, and I hope pictures are kept out of it. I think they would only detract from the articles. Your magazine has helped me to be a better Catholic, and I look forward to receiving it every month.

B. A."

Nobody writes who wants pictures in THE LIGUORIAN. We are just about convinced that they would not help us fulfill our purpose.

The editors

Chicago, Ill.

"I just read the June LIGUORIAN and came across the answer you gave to R.S. on the patron for finding a good partner for marriage. No doubt St. Joseph is a wonderful patron for this, but I was always under the impression that St. Raphael was the patron of young people seeking a happy marriage because of the part he took in bringing Tobias and Sara together. Then, too, I remember that in our teens we girls used to say the prayer, 'O Good St. Anne, send me a man, as quick as you can.' So St. Anne would also seem to be a patron for finding a good mate. . . . I enjoy your magazine immensely and send it to a seminarian in Ceylon when I am through with it. He loves every issue.

E. Mc."

There are several patrons for almost every human need and prayer, and in different localities of the world different ones are especially invoked. St. Raphael and St. Anne may well be called upon for help by any person seeking a good partner for marriage.

The editors

Pasadena, Calif.

"Thank you for publishing such an enlightening magazine. My husband and I have found it a great help. If we renew no other magazine, we shall always continue to take yours, since we realize how much help we need in our married life and in raising our children to be good Catholics.

Speaking of children (we have two, one seven weeks and the other eighteen months old), I am interested in finding out what the term 'momism' means. I ran across it in the last LIGUORIAN and have seen it rather frequently in other publications. However, I have found no explanation of it.

Mrs. M. M."

"Momism" is a lately coined word signifying an unreasonable and debilitating attachment on the part of children to their parents, especially after they have developed to a point where they should be capable of making some of their own decisions. It is "momism" that prevents some grown men and women from marrying when the time has come to start a home of their own; they refuse to do so because they can't bear to leave their mothers. It is "momism" that makes some husbands and wives neglect their married partners in order to cling to their mothers, or keep their married partners (who should be first in their love) subordinate to their mothers. Some mothers are responsible for making their children victims of "momism," by clinging too tightly to them and permitting them to make no decisions for themselves even when they have grown out of adolescence.

The editors

Minneapolis, Minn.

"I wish THE LIGUORIAN were more of an intellectual challenge. Must all Catholic publications with the exception of *America* and *The Tablet* be geared to the mentality of children and morons?

M. M. C."

We seem to have quite a number of readers, as "Readers Retort" reveals, for whom THE LIGUORIAN is a challenge. However, we can suggest a goodly number of Catholic philosophical and theological reviews, most of which we ourselves read, for those who would like to do profound studying with their reading.

The editors

Thoughts for the Shut-In

L. F. Hyland

The Obligation of Seeing the Doctor

Our point for reflection this month includes not only shut-ins, but the group to which we might give the name of prospective shut-ins as well. We mean those who are the victims of some secret ailment, and who find themselves unable to summon up enough courage to visit the doctor and tell him about their difficulty. Even those who are already under a doctor's care and those actually confined to bed sometimes conceal certain symptoms which the doctor should know.

The reasons behind such an attitude, of course, are not difficult to discover. There is the natural fear of the unknown; the dread that the doctor, in his examination, might discover the existence of cancer or tuberculosis or some other dread disease. With this there is the fear that painful treatment or even an operation might be found necessary, and the prospect of such pain can make a person indulge in self-deception. "This continual discomfort and occasional sharp distress surely do not indicate anything seriously wrong." Thus do such persons rationalize their conduct. "There is no use bothering the doctor and worrying my family. Sooner or later I will hit upon some simple home remedy which will afford me relief."

Such an attitude of mind, carried to extremes, is wrong for two good reasons.

First, we have an undoubted obligation, under the fifth commandment, of taking reasonable care of our health. We stress the word *reasonable*; on the one side, we should not allow ourselves to fall into a state of hypochondria; on the other, certainly God expects us to seek expert advice on pains and ailments that are out of the ordinary. To delay this for long periods of time means that ailments which might have been cured become aggravated beyond all hope of remedy.

The second reason for the wrongness of this attitude is that it reveals a basic lack of trust in God and resignation to His holy will. A vague and unreasoning fear of what the future might reveal to us regarding our health masks a fear of God Himself, and the kind of fear, indeed, that is not salutary, but servile. Genuine trust in God, on the other hand, is based on the understanding that nothing happens except through God's will, either directly or permissively. If sickness comes to us, even grievous, painful sickness, that too is part of God's permissive will. Whenever God asks anyone to carry a cross, He always gives sufficient grace and strength to carry it well and profitably, but His will must be accepted, and His grace cooperated with.

Let the shut-in and the "prospective" shut-in, then, use common-sense in revealing serious symptoms to the doctor, and let them join to this frankness complete confidence in the merciful providence of God.

Christ, The Champion of the Poor

Whenever He had to take sides between groups or individuals, Christ proved Himself to be the lover and champion of the poor.

Raymond J. Miller

THE SON of Man "the Human Being," loved to take the part of the poor. Usually it was against His enemies; but sometimes even against His own friends or apostles.

"Champion of the poor" He was in fact from the very beginning of His public life.

Blessed are you poor

He told them,

for yours is the kingdom of heaven.

And also

I have compassion on the multitudes.

I am come to seek and save that which was lost.

I am not come to save the just, but sinners.

Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you.

It was like the laying down of a "platform" of action, a platform brought from heaven, a deliberate choice of sides, a rallying cry to the poor of the world to gather about their Champion.

He might have done otherwise. To assure the success of His mission, human prudence would have suggested that He cultivate the rich and influential. He chose rather to cultivate the poor. While He did have some friends among the rich, they became His friends only on His own terms, by

breaking with the worldly conventions of their class and joining the "multitude" of the poor who formed the greater part of His followers. And while He worked miracles for the rich in individual cases, the vast majority of them were for the poor. On the occasions when He cured many persons at one time, "healing divers diseases," "casting devils out of many," the great mass of them were the poor.

His glorious promises were by and large for the poor.

Blessed are you poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are you that hunger now, for you shall be filled.

Blessed are you that weep now, for you shall laugh.

And when St. John the Baptist sent his disciples to ask Jesus:

Are You the One Who is to come, or shall we wait for another?

He replied:

Go back and tell John what you have heard and seen: The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again; the poor have the Gospel preached to them.

It was the poor through whom most of these signs of His divine mission were given to the world; and the final supreme sign that He was truly "the One Who was to come" was

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the poor have the Gospel preached to them.

are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you.

"The Gospel preached;" the good news of better times, of relief, security, recompense, salvation, and glory was being preached not to the wealthy but to the poor.

It might almost seem that this "Champion of the Poor" was seeking to inaugurate a kind of political or social revolution; rallying the poor just like so many revolutionaries and demagogues have done through history in a wild attempt to "shake off their chains" and introduce the "dictatorship of the proletariat."

Some persons have actually read this meaning into the mission of Christ, and have compared Him with social agitators like Karl Marx, who raised the battle cry of "Workers of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to win!"

But Jesus Christ was no Karl Marx. He did, it is true, inaugurate a revolution; He came into the world exactly for that purpose. His work was to be not merely bringing glory to God in the highest amid the angels and saints, but also to bring

peace on earth to men of good will.

The technique of His revolution, however, was not the technique of violence, seizure of political power, "revolutionary situations".

Not as the world gives, do I give My peace,

He said. To the poor, if they were men of good will, He would bring a wealth and depth of security and peace even though they might still remain poor.

Come unto Me, all you that labor and

But more than that, His revolution was designed to relieve poverty and misery on this earth; and it accomplished just that. The accomplishment however, would proceed not along a blazing pathway of war and destruction:

The kingdom of heaven comes unawares:

no pomp, no stirring of revolutionary armies, no violent overthrows, but a gentle mighty power working steadily within, like *leaven*:

The kingdom of heaven is like to leaven which a woman took and placed in two measures of meal, until the whole mass was leavened.

Through the years this divine leaven would be working, as the power of Christ spread and deepened in the mass of the world, until in the magnificent achievements of medieval Christendom, security and peace would be the lot of the "multitude" of mankind as never before or since in the history of the world.

As for Jesus Christ Himself, however, He would head no revolutionary party (like Lenin or Stalin), nor would He take a stand on the side of violence and political upheaval like Karl Marx.

When the people said: "This is of a truth the Prophet Who is to come into the world," and were attempting to take Him by force and make Him king,

Jesus fled into the mountain Himself alone.

And when the Pharisees tried to en-

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trap Him by a question about tribute to Caesar, and make Him come out one way or the other, for or against the existing political order headed by "Caesar," He refused to do so, and instead laid down the principle of "separation of Church and State:"

Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and to God, the things that are God's.

Nevertheless, He was a leader and a champion of the poor, and He knew it. When at the Last Supper His apostles were disturbed and saddened at the prospect of His leaving them, He reassured them with the calm but amazing declaration:

Have confidence; I have conquered the world.

Alexander the Great never spoke with more assurance; but Alexander's conquest was a brittle, shadowy thing in comparison with Jesus Christ; and Alexander's conquest fell to pieces as soon as he died; whereas the victory of Jesus Christ would never be taken away from Him, to the end of the world and beyond.

My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me;

(and what a Conqueror this is, to speak of His followers not in terms of marching armies and clashing battle, but like a shepherd and his sheep);

and I give them life everlasting, and they shall not perish forever. And *no man shall wrest them out of My hand.*

We can sense a hardy and inspiring challenge, a defiance to all the powers of hell, in those last words:

No man shall wrest them out of My hand!

They may be poor, handicapped, ignorant, lacking all the advantages of worldly power; but they are *Mine*; and Mine they will remain, let the world, the flesh, and the devil rage and attack as they will.

At the Last Supper He came back to the same idea; only then, instead of a challenge for the future, it was a vaunt of triumphant accomplishment. In the course of what is called His "sacerdotal prayer," the sublime act of confidence in His Father with which He concluded the Last Supper, He said:

Holy Father . . . while I was with them, I kept them in Thy name. Those whom Thou gavest Me, I have kept; and none of them is lost but the son of perdition.

And St. John adds, describing the scene in the Garden of Olives a few hours later, that when the soldiers came to arrest Jesus, He said to them:

If you are looking for Me, let these go their way;

meaning of course His apostles; and the Evangelist makes special note of this fact by stating in a kind of aside that Jesus said this:

That the word which He had said might be fulfilled: Of them Thou hast given Me, I have not lost any one.

But over and above this deep and sublime sense, Our Lord was Champion of the poor in a kind of homely, human way; "sometimes even against His friends" He loved to take the part of the poor.

The Garden of Olives again is the

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scene. The soldiers have advanced to arrest Our Lord, and Peter, the ever impetuous, has wildly drawn his sword and lashed out at the troops, managing to cut off the ear of one of them, a poor fellow by the name of Malchus.

It was a daring and generous act, and Peter might easily have lost his own life there in the Garden on Maundy Thursday night. But it was not in keeping with the divine master plan as to "how it must be;" and Jesus did not welcome Peter's brave swordplay.

Put your sword back in its scabbard. Or did you think I could not ask My Father, and He would give Me instantly more than twelve legions of angels?

So much for Peter; but Jesus was thinking also of the poor fellow who had lost his ear, and now proceeded to take his part even against Peter, His first apostle.

Allow Me this much,

He quietly said to the mob of excited soldiers, the malignant priests, and even to the powers of hell that for that night had been given permission to surge against Him. "Stand back; be quiet for a moment; I have given you leave to do your will upon Me this night; this is your hour and the power of darkness. You have already begun your work; but now I recall My permission just for a moment. *Allow Me this much*: in the welter of your rage and malice allow Me one moment to take the part of the poor and do a kind deed."

And there is no refusing Him. Though it is the hour of His enemies, and of the power of darkness, at His command time stands still and hell is paralyzed. Jesus Christ steps forward, touches the wounded ear of the soldier,

and restores it perfectly; and by the act bestows immortality on the poor soldier and his ear. Then once again time moves on, the power of darkness charges anew upon its Victim, and the Lamb of God is carried off to His death.

Another case of Our Lord's taking the part of the poor against the well-intentioned protests of His friends was the case of the blind man of Jericho. This happened when Jesus was on His last trip to Jerusalem. Passing through Jericho He was surrounded by a procession of friends and admirers. A poor blind beggar along the way heard the commotion, and when told that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, the poor fellow set up a great clamor of his own.

Jesus, Son of David, have pity on me.

To the friends of Jesus, the man's clamor was rough and too insistent; it disturbed the smooth progress of the triumphal procession. Some of them hastily tried to silence the obstreperous beggar, telling him no doubt that the Master was busy, was tired, could not attend to him now; that his loud outcry was no way to address the Master, that he should have some reverence and respect if he expected a favor.

But the poor fellow paid no attention, and did nothing but cry out the louder:

Jesus, Son of David, have pity on me.

Our Lord Himself had heard the clamor; and contrary to the opinion of His friends, He was not disturbed. St. Luke says that He stood still (bringing the whole procession to a halt) and gave an order to have the man brought before Him. Surprised and nonplussed at His condescension, some of His fol-

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lowers (we may picture St. Peter the active one as among them) made their way to the beggar's side, haled him up on his feet, and brought him before Jesus.

What do you want Me to do for you?

Jesus asked; and the man replied:

Lord, that I may see!

And Jesus said:

Receive your sight; your faith has made you well.

He loved to champion the poor; and when the poor had *faith*, it was worth a miracle of healing in His sight, regardless of the disturbance or impurity or the feelings of His own followers.

Another occasion when Jesus took the part of the poor at the expense of His own friends was the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves. The apostles had been busy for some weeks preaching the Gospel at Our Lord's command in various cities and towns of Galilee. When they returned home to Him at Capharnaum, they found Him busily engaged Himself in curing the sick; more busily, it would seem, than at almost any other time in His public life. The apostles, tired as they were, took a hand in keeping order in the crowd so as to save Our Lord at least some labor; and yet, even so, the press of poor, ragged, bleeding, crippled, infected humanity was so great that, as the Evangelist says, the apostles "had not even time to eat bread."

Jesus saw their plight, and this time he took the part of the apostles against the poor; at least He seemed to do so for the moment. He said to them quietly:

Come aside to a quiet place, and rest a while;

and despite the protests and outcries of the poor who had not yet been cured, He and the twelve got into a boat and set off across the northern corner of Lake Genesareth to the "quiet place." But the crowd had seen where they were heading, and followed them on foot. And when the boat touched land there was the same crowd waiting for them, only now it had been increased by others who had joined it along the way until it numbered "five thousand men, not counting women and children.

And now Jesus could resist them no longer. Despite the weariness of the apostles, they must take second place now, and be prepared for further labors in behalf of Christ's beloved poor. After He had preached to them, He cured their sick, ordering the apostles to act once more as ushers and porters; and finally He worked the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves. And to cap it all, the apostles had to take baskets and go around behind the crowd, picking up the "fragments" of crusts and fishbones they had strewn on the ground.

One last instance of this love of Jesus for the poor, regardless of what others might think, even His own friends and relations.

St. Mark relates that once Our Lord was surrounded by an enthusiastic multitude, and was so occupied with them, teaching or curing their ills, that again "they could not so much as eat bread." His relations were waiting in the background for Him to put a stop to the proceedings and join them in a much needed repast; one that had been prepared for at an earlier hour and was long since cold; and we may well picture the good women who had pre-

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pared it, other "relations" of Jesus, as having no small part in the urging of the men-folks to get Him away from the crowd. But Jesus paid no attention whatever to their presence or their signals of urgency. Finally they lost patience entirely with His absorption in the poor and disregard of His own,

and said:

He has gone mad!

Then they elbowed their way through the crowd, seized Jesus by force, and dragged Him off to the dining room and the cold meal.

Teen-Age Problems

D. F. Miller

Should Teen-Agers' Money Be Shared With Parents?

Problem: Is there any obligation on my part to give some or all the money I earn by my part-time job (after school and on Saturdays) to my parents? Other kids that I know say that they keep all that they earn as spending money and are never asked for anything by their parents. My mother and father want me to give them my money, or to dictate to me how I should spend it, e.g., on clothes, etc. If I did that I would never have much to spend as I please. What is right?

Solution: You have a real obligation of sharing with your parents any money you make if they are in debt or not too well off financially. It would be the grossest kind of selfishness, bordering closely on injustice, for a teen-ager who has been fed, clothed, housed and educated for fifteen or sixteen years at the expense of his parents, to claim full right to everything he earns just as soon as he is able to hold down a job of any kind. If the parents are in debt, the debt was no doubt partially incurred for the welfare of their children. If they are struggling financially, it is in part because of the needs of their children. No teen-ager with the slightest sense of fairness and gratitude would want to leave the struggle and the debts to his parents alone, while he spent all the money he earned on good times.

Even when parents are not in financial difficulties, their conscientious teen-aged sons and daughters will feel an obligation to assist in maintaining the home in which they live. Parents, no matter how well off, who do not ask this, make a grave mistake. They are teaching their children selfishness, and leaving them unprepared for the sacrifices they will have to make when they have families of their own. One of the most necessary and effective expressions of love between children and parents is cooperation, according to the ability of each, in providing the material things that make and keep up a home.

There are many ways in which parents can teach a sense of responsibility concerning money to their children who have jobs. One way is to insist that they use their own money to buy their school clothes, or whatever part of them is within reach of their salary. Another way is to train them to give a certain amount out of each pay-check to the upkeep of the home. The perfect thing is for the teen-ager to give all his earned money to his parents and to take whatever allowance they choose to give. If this means having less spending money than other teen-agers have, it will also mean having a happier home now, and preparing for a happier future home of their own.

The Meaning of Humility

Quotations and anecdotes designed to inspire practices that should be second nature to the Christian.

John P. Schaefer

MANY WISE and inspiring statements have been made about the virtue of humility and the vice of pride. We offer here but a few of them, asking that you spend a few moments thinking about them. Many beautiful stories have been told and examples lived by the saints and great men of the world, portraying humility in practice. We here present some of them, asking that you apply them to your life. We feel sure that if you follow this advice you will not only be a more thoughtful person, but a better Christian as well.

The author of these words is unknown to us, but they form a thought-provoking, livable definition of the virtue of humility:

"Humility is a state of mind in which we get the grace to quit lying to ourselves."

A well-known Canadian bishop, who has long since gone to his eternal rest, was once crossing the Atlantic on board a liner. A well-meaning, but rather troublesome lady kept bothering him for his autograph, wishing her friends to know that she could count such a man among her acquaintances. Finally, her persistency wore the good bishop down, and he consented to write his name in her album.

"Oh, good bishop," exclaimed the lady, "please write after your name what you are."

The bishop, with a rather amused smile, took the pen again and wrote under his name the words: 'A miser-

able sinner'.

In a wheat field the full ears bend low with the weight of wealth, the empty ones stand erect. And the humble man bows low under the weight of grace, but the proud man is erect and empty.

Bernadette Soubirous, the favorite child to whom Our Blessed Mother appeared when she wished the miraculous shrine of Lourdes to be founded, later entered the convent and was known as Sister Bernard. After the shrine had been established, Sister Bernard led a very retired life. One day a fellow sister showed her a beautiful, new picture of the grotto at Lourdes and seemed surprised at the secluded life of the Blessed Virgin's favorite child.

"What do you do with a broom?" asked Sister Bernard.

"Why, we sweep with it, of course," answered her companion.

"And when we have finished sweeping?"

"One puts it back in its place."

"And, where is its place?" asked Bernadette.

"In a corner behind the door."

"Now you know my story," replied Sister Bernard. "Our Blessed Mother has made use of me, then she put me in a corner. It is my proper place. I am very happy in it, and here I will remain."

One of Benjamin Franklin's favorite

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sayings was this:

"If we go through life stooping, we shall avoid many knocks."

Michaelangelo, when old and blind, was one day seen lingering by a torso of Phidias, groping over the marble with his feeble hands. And the old man was heard to mutter:

"Great is this marble. Greater is the hand that made it. Greater still is the God that made the sculptor. I still learn. I still learn."

Every man is three men:

John as he is known to himself,
John as he is known to his friends,
John as he is known to God.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

The great French orator and preacher, Father Monsabre, was one day about to enter the pulpit, when a lady, apparently greatly disturbed, stopped him. With many airs she explained that her conscience troubled her because she had that morning admired herself in the looking-glass more than usual, thinking how pretty she was.

"Go in peace, my child," Monsabre consoled her. "A mistake is not a sin."

The following maxim of an old preacher is still preaching a pertinent sermon to modern listeners:

"You may be too big for God to use you, but you'll never be too small."

Abe Lincoln was not only a great president. He was also, in his own down-to-earth way, a philosopher and an educator. One of his best-remembered and most quoted statements is the following:

"It is better to remain silent and to be thought a fool, than to speak and to remove all doubt."

God knows, I'm not the thing I should be

Nor am I even the thing I could be.

Robert Burns

It has frequently been said that "humility is truth." But this is a statement which has more frequently been misused than correctly applied. For humility is not a half-truth, nor a part of the truth, but the full truth about yourself, your importance and your God. The virtue of humility is an extremely difficult one to practice, because God has made us so like to Himself that we are, at times, inclined to overestimate our importance, to forget the true relationship between ourselves and God. That you may become a more humble person, and thereby a better Christian, we invite you to reread the preceding incidents, stories and sayings, to apply them to your own life — and while doing so to ask yourself the following and other questions which may suggest themselves to you.

Has my perhaps exaggerated opinion of my own ability ever led me to neglect prayer and the sacraments and the help which they can afford me in overcoming temptation and finding a solution to my problems? Trusting too much in my own strength, have I ever presumptuously placed myself in the occasion of sin — with bad companions, in my reading habits, amusements and so forth? Have my superior opportunities, or even superior abilities, ever led me to look down upon or be uncharitable toward my friends, relatives or neighbors, perhaps less gifted or less favored than I? Have my accomplishments and talents ever led me to forget God's part in my life. His grace and help, or even to deny Him and His representatives the right to teach or correct me?

Happenings in Rome

Monthly round-up of significant events in the capital of Christendom.

Christopher D. McEnniry

Invitation to India

TIME WAS when northern Africa, Northern Egypt, Constantinople and a great part of the present Turkish nation was Catholic and produced some of our greatest saints, martyrs, writers, preachers and bishops. Later those flourishing Catholic regions lost not only their faith but their very civilization, and the West became the center of Christian culture. There are those who fear that the West is on the decline and that we must look for the future of the Church in the Far East.

Communism eyes the conquest of India as a mighty stride towards the mastery of the world. Amid the countless millions of Hindus, Moslems and Buddhists in that vast land there is a proportionately small but solid core of Catholicism. The Apostle St. Thomas, nineteen hundred years ago, brought the faith to Indian communities that have never lost it despite persecutions and obstacles of every kind. Four hundred years ago St. Francis Xavier followed in his footsteps.

The Catholics of India have just celebrated the centenaries of these their two great Apostles. From the other side of the globe the Pope addressed them by radio. He said:

"... We do not know if the Catholics of India have ever commemorated their two Apostles (St. Thomas and St. Francis Xavier) with such splendor and — what is more important — with hearts so well prepared for the message of God and Jesus Christ as you have done during these days. But this, we believe, we can say:

no such celebration ever took place at a moment of such consequence for you and your country.

"These recent years have seen India enter upon a new era of her history. In laying the foundations of the nascent state she must count on the cooperation of all the sound and competent elements among her people, and she has a right to that cooperation. The powers of good and evil are contending in a bitter conflict for the soul of Asia. And you know what hangs on the outcome of that conflict. You realize too the important, dominant and uncompromising role to be played in this conflict and in the upholding of the state, by the true faith.

"At such an hour we call on you: first, to close ranks and stand together. . . . May the burning appeal, the high-priestly prayer of Jesus Christ find whole-hearted response from you all: 'Holy Father, keep them true to Thy name, whom Thou hast given to Me, that they may be one as We are one.'

"Secondly, it is hardly necessary for Us to remind you that the Catholic Church demands of no one to give up his native ways and customs, forces no one to adopt foreign ways of living. The Church belongs to the East as well as to the West. She is bound to no particular culture. She is at home with all who respect the commands of God. . . . This once made clear, beloved sons and daughters, it is for you to be conscious of your duty to your country and people. Be an army of pray-ers. Storm heaven with your supplications fortified by your self-sacri-

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fice until God pours out his mercy and grace upon your cherished land.

"Be witness to Jesus Christ. Make it clear that whatever may be true and good in other religions, finds its deeper meaning and perfect completion in Christ. . . .

"Uphold the word of truth by your example. So live that your conduct will be a strong argument drawing men to the true faith in Jesus Christ. That is the sublime apostolate to which you all are called. Thus a powerful phalanx will be formed from your ranks against the destructive elements of godlessness. . . .

"The people of India should rejoice in the religious spirit rooted in their soul. Through the powerful intercession of Mary, the Blessed Virgin, and your Fathers in the faith, St. Thomas and St. Francis, and through your own courageous profession of the faith in word and deed, may your people in their search for God come to understand the meaning of the high-priestly prayer of Our Lord: 'Eternal life is knowing Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.'"

The Pope To Farmers

Fifty thousand representatives of "The Federation of Italian Farmers" assisted at Mass in St. Peter's and later filed into St. Peter's Square. Fifty thousand voices joined in the Hymn of Lourdes, "Ave, ave, ave, Maria." Then, to the sound of trumpets and the

thundering applause of the multitude, out onto the balcony came the Pope. While the bright Italian sun beamed down upon the colorful throng, he addressed them.

"Welcome, cherished members of the Federation of Italian Farmers. Here beneath the blazing sun — your great ally in the noble task of tilling the fields — you present to our mind a glorious vision of all the God-fearing agriculturists of Italy, her most robust sons who, in the sweat of their brow wrest from thorns and thistles bread for their children.

Your ally is this sun, your allies are the rains and the snows and all the other gifts of mother nature which the Creator gives into your hands. But more stable than any alliance with created things is the power you draw from your faith in the Providence of God.

Return to your fireside and to your fruitful labors, to your activity in the home and in the community. Carry with you, Beloved sons, what is the burning wish of Our fatherly heart — peace, moral courage, prosperity, loyalty to Jesus Christ and His Church.

And with this wish We give the Apostolic Benediction to you, to your families, to your fields, pledge of the benediction of heaven which will make you industrious and praiseworthy citizens, worthy of this earthly fatherland and of that eternal fatherland which Jesus Christ has bought for you with His Blood."

Double-Take

I have no quarrel
With any guy
Who always takes his time.
But mostly while
He's doing it,
He's also taking mine!

—PK, *Sidelineer*



Sideglances

By the Bystander

We should like to report this month on an interesting clash of monastic minds that recently took place, and to take sides with one against the other. It was not really a clash. One of the monks merely wrote a book, the latest in a series of books he has written. The other took after him on theological and ascetical grounds. The monk who wrote the book was Thomas Merton, now known in the Trappist Abbey of Gethsemani as Father Louis. The book was "The Sign of Jonas," a record of his life since he became a Trappist, with meditative comments on the needs of the world. The monk who took after him was Dom Aelred Graham, who joined the Benedictines in his native England, spent four years at Oxford University, and is now Prior of Portsmouth Priory in Rhode Island. And he chose for the airing of his complaints against Thomas Merton's ideas a strange vehicle, none other than the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is a safe presumption that not one of the editors of the *Atlantic Monthly* has any but the vaguest ideas of what the controversy is all about, or of the historic trends of Catholic thinking on which it is based. We suspect that Dom Aelred's article was published by the *Atlantic Monthly* primarily because it exposed one monk's intellectual quarrel with another. Without realizing it, the editors thereby showed the world the freedom of Catholic thought. The old canard that Catholics have to think exactly alike is thus dissipated. Outside of defined articles of faith and eternal moral principles, Catholics have a limitless freedom to argue, and a limitless field of topics to argue about.

But there is a right side and a wrong side between these two monks, and we think

the right side has very important implications and applications for everybody in the world today. It is our conviction that Dom Aelred has lost touch (perhaps as a result of too much Oxford) with the mainstream of Christian thought on the subject of prayer and detachment and contemplation, and even with the proper use of terminology pertaining to these things. He is correct when he states that Merton does not write in the disciplined fashion of the trained theologian; right too when he states that Merton's enthusiasm leads him betimes to over-stress a point. All the more reason, then, for us to expect Dom Graham to be the disciplined theologian, the careful chooser of words in criticizing him. He is anything but that. In three instances, at least, his strictures are inaccurate and misleading and, according to the common acceptance of theological terms, wrong.

His first criticism is that Merton "is a propagandist of mysticism for the masses." He goes on to explain what he means: "Admittedly few have so far achieved this state; it is clearly impractical, for all to become Trappists; but 'there is more incentive (says Merton) than ever for men to become saints.' And a saint for Thomas Merton has only one meaning—a man who, even though he has to engage in social action in the world, is prepared to live in the spirit of Merton's own austerity and renunciation, so to await his final 'transformation' in God." Now, first of all, nowhere in Merton's "Sign of Jonas" have we found any text or collection of texts that will warrant the conclusion that he favors imposing on all individuals in the world the specifically Cistercian brand of austerity and renunciation. He does constantly recommend de-

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tachment, as did Christ Himself, and every Christian spiritual writer and director since the time of Christ. Moreover the charge that "he is a propagandist of mysticism for the masses" should be accepted as high tribute by Merton and recognized as such by all who know what mystical prayer means. We suggest that Dom Graham go back to a few fundamental spiritual classics to clarify his thinking, such as Lehouey's "Ways of Mental Prayer," Garrigou-Lagrange's "Christian Perfection and Contemplation" and "The Three Ages of the Interior Life," and even St. Thomas's treatise on contemplation. Mystical prayer is merely an outgrowth of meditation; even though not too many learn to detach themselves enough to attain to it, it is within reach of all and proper to the powers with which all men are endowed by God. We suspect that Dom Graham has forgotten the classical distinction between mystical prayer as such (direct union with God through contemplation) and the extraordinary gifts, such as ecstasy, prophecy, heart-reading, etc., which are sometimes granted to those who attain to the heights of prayer. These latter no one should aspire to because they are special gifts of God dispensed as God chooses and sees fit. But all should aspire to progress in prayer which will carry them beyond mere discursive meditation to some form of contemplation or mystical prayer. In this sense it is a great thing to be "a propagandist of mysticism for the masses."

The second mistake that Dom Graham seems to make is that of accusing Thomas Merton of not distinguishing properly between the world and worldliness. He is impatient with the Trappist for his reiteration of the theme that "the world" is a danger to the true Christian. In more than one place he approaches Rousseau's theory of the natural goodness of man ("Human nature must somehow be essentially good," he says, "for that is Catholic philosophy")

without referring to the staggering theological truth that human nature is also fallen, and prone to evil. Thus he chides Merton for speaking against "the world" as such, instead of concentrating merely on worldliness. This could be explained properly and effectively, but even a lengthy explanation would have to take account of the fact that Our Lord, Who was much concerned about the relation of His followers to the world, never used the abstract idea "worldliness," but spoke often about "the world." "The world will hate you;" "my kingdom is not of this world;" "the wisdom of this world is foolishness;" "use this world as if using it not." It would seem, then, that Merton is far closer to the mind of Christ when he warns his readers that they must escape the spirit of the world, detach themselves from its pleasures, bear patiently its persecutions, avoid its preoccupation with food and drink and fine clothes and radio and television and night-clubs, etc. This advice seems very close to that of Our Lord: "Do not be anxious, saying, What shall we eat . . . or drink . . . or put on; for after all these things the Gentiles seek. Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice. . . ."

Closest of all to theological error is Dom Graham's seeming denial of the call to sanctity for every Christian. True, he first assumes that Thomas Merton is concerned with calling everybody to a specialized Cistercian type of sanctity, but this we deny. He seems to us to be insisting on essentials; some form of contemplative prayer, leading to love, overflowing in actions that will transform the world. That is the basic and historic platform of Christianity. Yet Dom Graham says of Merton: "Had he studied the Pauline epistles, he would have learned that to be a 'saint,' as he understands the word, is not at any man's disposal. The divine election is always presupposed — and to this no spectacular self-discipline . . . can lay claim. . . . In other words, mys-

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ticism is not for the masses but for an elite." We are certain that Thomas Merton read the Pauline epistles and came across such texts as these: "This is the will of God, your sanctification." "Paul, called by the will of God to be an apostle . . . to the Church of God at Corinth, to you who have been sanctified in Jesus Christ and *called to be saints with all who call upon the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ in every place.*" In these and many other texts

St. Paul makes it clear that every Christian is called to sanctity, through contemplation (mystical prayer), love and action. The special "divine election" of which Dom Graham speaks is necessary only for the extraordinary manifestations that God sometimes, in His own inscrutable providence, grants to a few of those who have advanced to the heights of prayer and sanctity to which all are called.

Light on Widows

Teaching in a college in Jamaica is a rewarding experience, writes Father James Armitage. He asked his freshman English class, in their bi-monthly test, to distinguish by examples between 'transparent' and 'translucent.'

One boy conceived the happy thought of combining the words in the same sentence. This is what he wrote:

"The light shone through the translucid widow, and you could also see right through, because she was transparent."

He got a good mark, but the professor noted on the margin of his paper that widows were even less 'translucid' and 'transparent' than the rest of their sex.

No Point

Rev. James O'Connor of the Columban Fathers is studying the Hindi language in the Fiji Islands and his instructor is a staunch Mohammedan.

"When I try to instil a little Christianity into him, however indirectly," writes Father O'Connor, "it usually backfires."

Teacher and student came to the following text: "What does it profit a man if he gains the whole world and suffers the loss of his soul?"

"Even all the gold in Vatakola (the Fijian goldfield on the island) is no good to you," commented the missionary.

"That's right, Father," replied the Mohammedan. "The company ships it all away to Australia anyway."

Salt

When a schoolboy was asked "What is salt?" he replied: "Salt is what spoils the potatoes when you leave it out." Religion is like salt. It spoils life when you leave it out. It spoils the home if there is not any in it. Religion spoils character if it is deleted. It is what leaves life flat and tasteless when it is omitted.



Catholic Anecdotes

First Prize For Scraps

Father William Diamond, prominent radio speaker, elaborating on his point that "little things count," relates the following story:

A poor Italian boy wanted to enter a contest which would pick the best stained-glass window for the cathedral in Florence. However, being but a helper to one of the city's artists, he could not afford the materials for a window.

When the Duke of Florence judged the entries a year later, he ruled in favor of the youngster's window depicting the figure of Christ beckoning, "Come, follow Me." Surprised at the youth of the boy, the duke asked where he got the glass to make so fine a window. The answer was: "I made that window out of scraps of glass that I picked up day after day."

Death Rather Than Silence

It would be wrong to think that the days of the martyrs are over, states the *Milw. Herald Citizen*. Father Matthew Su, a young Chinese priest ordained three years ago, was arrested by the Communists because of his fearless and energetic missionary work. Despite long questioning, forced labor in the hot sun and other ordeals, his zeal in no way faltered. He continued to speak about God to his fellow-prisoners.

Finally the Reds told him he would get no more food if he continued talking about God and religion.

"Very well, don't give me any more

of your food," he said. "I will continue to speak about God."

The Reds offered him food, after a six-days' fast, but he said:

"If I take your food, you won't let me talk about God. I am content with the food from heaven."

Later the same day, Father Su passed into his last agony, and died reciting the Apostles' Creed.

Language Barrier

Even holy simplicity has its limits as some of the early followers of St. Francis found out in dismay, after getting themselves into trouble by failing to understand the meaning of the word "Yes."

St. Francis had sent some of these first friars across the Alps on a mission into Germany. They did not understand the language but they found that when they were offered food, drink and shelter all their needs were plentifully filled when they answered questions with the easily-spoken word "Ja."

The word worked like magic until the Germans became more serious and began to ask the Italian strangers with the ropes around their waists, the reason for their coming.

The friars answered with the same "Ja," when they were asked if they were heretics, and they could not understand the meaning of the storm of anger that broke over their heads when the peasants set their dogs on them and the swine-herds ran after them with long sticks.



Pointed Paragraphs

Part of Our Thinking

The furore that was raised by many Christians who do not recognize the authority of the Pope, over the definition of the doctrine of the assumption of the Mother of Christ into heaven, has all but died down.

Its echoes are still heard (or read) in an occasional sermon here and there, and some of the pamphlets that were issued at the time of the definition ridiculing both the Pope and the mother of Our Lord may still be found lying around. In general, however, the issue has given place to more recent occasions for utterances against things Catholic by those who feel that it is their duty to make them.

Among Catholics, however, the truth that Mary was taken body and soul into heaven has merely attained a more prominent place in their processes of meditating and praying. Not that it is anything new to their thoughts; it is only that, with the full authority of the Vicar of Christ on earth confirming the traditions of the ages, there is a greater inclination to savor its comforting applications.

The most immediate application of the truth of the assumption of Mary to Catholic lives is to be found in more personal and practical thoughts about heaven. Mary's entry into heaven after her life of sorrows, like Christ's resurrection from the dead and ascension into heaven after His passion and death, irresistibly draws the thoughts of a Catholic away from the false goals offered to his striving on earth and up to the true goal that Mary, through and with Christ, achieved before him.

Nothing could be more important because never has a stronger effort been made to make us all transfer our hopes to something less than heaven. Some religious sects concentrate all their attention on making a heaven out of this world. All secularists (millions of them) have long since given up the thought of heaven and are scrambling for every last little joy they can find in this world. In all religious bodies there are some men and women who seek their heaven in a bad marriage, or in the luxuries made possible by birth-control, or in money-bought mansions which, they seem to think, they will never have to leave.

The true Catholic, and every genuine Christian, knows that there is no real rest or happiness for his spirit until he enters heaven. Mary has led the way, and every thought of her entry into heaven is a new prod to detachment from the rewards of sin and the wispy joys that unlimited bank accounts may buy.

Whom and What Should Be Burned

It is strange that President Eisenhower should draw a distinction between the burning of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg and the burning of the books which possibly led Julius and Ethel Rosenberg to the flame that extinguished their life. The president was not opposed to the former burning; but he is entirely against the latter.

In a last stand appeal Mr. Block, the Rosenberg lawyer, asked Mr. Eisenhower to bank the fires that were being enkindled for his clients. Mr.

Eisenhower refused. It was imperative that the decision of the courts be carried out.

In addressing 600 graduates at Dartmouth college on the occasion of their graduation Mr. Eisenhower said: "Don't be afraid to go into your library and read every book. As long as any document does not offend your own idea of decency, that should be the only censorship."

It is entirely probable that if a few books had been burned when Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were young they themselves would not have had to be burned when they were old, or at least older. Flames do not hurt books; quite definitely they hurt bodies.

We admire President Eisenhower. He gives every sign of deep sincerity, strong conviction and incorruptible honesty. But we think that he was wrong in his sweeping proscription of censorship.

If it is right to burn dangerous people, it is surely right to burn dangerous books. The Rosenbergs were executed not only to punish them for their crime of treason but also to prevent them from repeating the crime and thereby jeopardizing the safety of the country. Certain books jeopardize the safety of the country. Their fate should be the flames too.

President Eisenhower is naive in thinking that *anybody* can read *anything* and not be hurt. How did it happen that so many liberals, intellectuals and even ordinary people jumped on the band wagon of Communism during the nineteen thirties and the post-war years? Much of it was due to ill-chosen reading of Communistic propaganda. How does it happen that there is so little regard for traditional moral standards in the United States today? Again it is due to evil reading. Those who read such books are not offended

in their sensibilities or in their appreciation of decency by what they read. Yet Mr. Eisenhower says that the only rule of censorship should be a personal refusal to read a book that offends one's sense of decency.

If the president's solution of the problem of censorship was the correct one, then the Church has been wrong for these past two thousand years. But she has the assurance from Christ Himself she will never make a mistake in teaching faith and morals to the people. Nobody else has that assurance, not even kings or queens or presidents.

I Am A Catholic, But —

We are constantly being saddened by the number of letters that come to our desks beginning with the above, or some variation of, the above line.

"I am a Catholic," one letter may say, "but I don't go along with the Catholic Church in her prohibition of birth-control." "I am a Catholic," another will say, "but I don't see eye to eye with the Church on the matter of sending my children to a Catholic school." "I am a Catholic," a third will say, "but I don't see why a man cannot marry after a divorce if his wife turned out to be a conscienceless gold-digger."

There is a strange mentality behind such letters. It is the mentality that brought into being every major and minor heresy in the history of Christianity. Every founder of a late-coming religious sect maintained that he was not giving up the true and ancient religion; he was merely re-making it on his own terms; he was accepting Christianity but removing its most difficult feature, viz., obedience.

Most of these "founders," however, recognized so clearly the fact that to be a Catholic essentially means to hold

oneself bound to obedience to the Catholic Church that they gave up the name "Catholic." They "protested" against obedience in the very names they adopted for themselves.

That is what makes it so strange that there are people today who insist on calling themselves Catholics, but who in the same breath renounce the essential element that makes a Catholic, viz., obedience. They want the glory of being a part of the 19 centuries of unity and universality that have characterized the Church; they reject the very thing that made that unity and universality possible and actual under Christ. They "protest" against obedience, but do not want to be called "Protestants."

Not thus will any man reach heaven. Names mean little to Christ; it is deeds that count. "Not every man that saith to me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that doth the will of my Father, he shall enter the kingdom of heaven." And in a hundred different ways the same Christ said that it is through obedience to lawfully constituted superiors that the will of His Father is fulfilled.

Unappreciated Favor

Recently we read in an anti-Catholic publication a bitter denunciation of the control that Catholics wield over the managers of radio stations in America.

The bitterness was occasioned by the fact that the manager of a certain radio station insisted that a passage be deleted from a sermon that was to be given by an evangelical minister over that station. It seems to us that a favor was done, not for the Catholics who might have heard the deleted passage, but for the man who was prevented from delivering it.

Here is the gist of what the speaker

was forbidden to say. A poor Indian was dying in the hills of Peru. A priest was standing over him insisting that he confess his sins to him before his death. The dying Indian, squirming at the thought of confessing his sins to a priest, thereupon sent a telegram to an evangelical minister who had preached in those hills some time before, asking how he could be saved. The minister wired back into the hills that the dying man need only confess his sins to Christ and believe firmly in Him, and he would be saved. On receipt of this telegram, the poor Indian rejected the priest, and confessed to Christ and died happy.

All Catholics respect the belief of sincere evangelical Protestants who have been erroneously trained to accept the doctrine that one need confess his sins only to Christ in order to be saved. But the above ridiculous anecdote is not designed to increase such respect. Would not a child ask how the dying man, in the back hills of South America, got to a telegraph office? And how he reached the traveling evangelist? And at what address in the hills he received his answering wire?

The radio censor in this case might well have been an atheist. He just did not want to push the gullibility of the radio audience too far. By his action he did a favor to the preacher, and not necessarily to Catholics, whom such anecdotes do not bother at all.

Perennial Best Sellers

In modern times, secular book-publishers consider it a successful venture if they manage to put out a book of which 10,000 copies are sold. If they happen to publish a book that achieves a sale of anywhere near 100,000 copies, they consider that they have "hit the jack-pot."

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In the face of such standards, the number of editions and copies of many of the works of St. Alphonsus Liguori already published is all but incredible.

One little work of his, entitled "Visits to the Blessed Sacrament and the Blessed Virgin Mary," is known to have appeared in more than 4,000 editions, and it is certain that the careful researchers who ascertained this figure have not tracked down all the editions that have appeared. The *Visits* have been translated into practically every language that is used by Christians in any part of the world, and there is little doubt that some of these editions appeared, were sold out, and are no longer traceable.

If one were to estimate conservatively that an average of 10,000 copies were printed for each of these editions, that would mean that 40,000,000 copies of the *Visits* have been distributed. The estimate is indeed conservative and probably fantastically low, because The Liguorian Pamphlet Office now

publishes a late edition of the same booklet, and usually has to print 25,000 to 50,000 copies at a time.

Many of the larger works of St. Alphonsus Liguori have had comparable success. Figures on them are elusive and hard to come by, but all of them are far beyond modern publishers' dreams.

The Glories of Mary, The Way of Salvation, The True Spouse of Christ, Meditations on the Passion of Our Lord, Preparation for Death, and many other of his books have long since passed far beyond the best-selling records of any modern publisher.

No doubt it is a source of additional joy to St. Alphonsus in heaven that his books go on and on reaching multitudes. THE LIGUORIAN, edited by his sons, continues to make many of them available, as may be seen on the inside rear cover of this issue. And it does so at about half the cost of modern books of equal size.

Bronx Translation

The Maryknoll Sisters at Our Lady of Refugees School in the Bronx have their pupils supply script material for religious plays. The result is something different and spontaneous.

In an enactment of the Presentation in the temple, a small Mary and Joseph entered the temple carrying a doll, the Infant.

A small Simeon received the doll with wide-eyed reverence and wonder, and said, to the astonishment of the Sisters, "Well, blow me down, if it ain't the Lord."

The Cost of Souls

There is a combination of graces and this combination may vary in the number of types of graces by which a soul in any part of the world may be spiritually won or re-instated. To win some souls prayer may be enough; others will require the penance of hard work; still others will need the proper combination of both. There will be some souls who can only be won at the bitter price of much and long suffering. A few will even require all these together. *There is a price tag on every soul.*

Gesu News



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by John Schaefer

THE MARTYRS OF JAPAN (Continued)

The city of Nagasaki was the last refuge of the Christians. But in the year 1618 an officer of justice entered the house of one of the principal citizens of the city and asked for a pen in order to register the names of all the Christians living there. A little girl, but eight years old, gave him a pen, saying:

"Take this, and put my name down so that I may be the first to die for Jesus Christ."

When the mother came, she also gave her name. And as the officer was leaving she ran after him, holding in her arms her youngest child, and exclaimed:

"Put also on your list, I beg you, the name of this child, who was sleeping when you came, and whom I had forgotten."

Among the many faithful Christians who were cast into prison in that year was Brother Leonard Guimura, a Japanese, of the Society of Jesus. This fervent Christian baptized in prison eighty-six idolaters who had been imprisoned with him. The holy life led by the prisoners was most extraordinary. Every day they made a two hours' meditation, and spent one hour in vocal prayer. They fasted on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, and on each Friday they prayed five hours in honor of the Passion of Jesus Christ.

Informed that Leonard had changed his prison into a house of prayer, the governor condemned him to death along with four of his companions. When they were interrogated, the judge asked Leonard why he had remained in Japan. The brother answered:

"I remained in order that I might preach the law of Jesus Christ."

"For that," rejoined the judge, "you shall be burned alive."

"Then," exclaimed Leonard, "let the world know that I am condemned to death by fire, and that I have preached the law of Jesus Christ."

Another member of the party, a Portuguese, named Dominic George, who had been arrested for giving shelter to a missionary priest, was threatened with the same fate for what he had done.

"I prefer this sentence," replied Dominic, "to the possession of the whole Japanese empire."

The five prisoners were then led to execution. The streets were crowded with people and the sea covered with boats filled with spectators who had assembled to witness the death of the holy confessors. Each was bound to a stake. And when the fire had been kindled, Leonard was observed after a while to place the cinders upon his head while he sang the psalm "*Laudate Dominum omnes gentes*." This spectacle so filled the faithful with the desire of martyrdom that many of them approached the fire in order to be thrown into it. Some among them even asked their neighbors if it were permissible to cast themselves into it. Several pagans were converted when they saw the joy exhibited by the martyrs in the midst of the flames. Their sacrifice was consummated November 28, 1619.

In the city of Omura, near Nagasaki, a group of confessors of the faith were subjected to horrible sufferings. They were imprisoned in an outside

enclosure, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, with guards posted inside to keep watch. So much did they suffer from hunger that they frequently fainted, and the guards were moved with pity and secretly furnished them with food. The magistrates, however, forbade the guards to offer any more assistance. But a captain of the guards, Lin Toiemon, courageously refused to comply, knowing that his refusal would cost him his life. Lin recommended himself to the prayers of the prisoners, retired to his own house and took leave of his friends. The soldiers did not delay to attack him, one of them striking him in the neck with the sword. Lin fell immediately on his knees and offered his head, which was at once cut off. Seeing him dead, his wife ran after the executioners, crying out that she also was a Christian. But they refused to listen to her, saying that they had not received any orders concerning her.

At this period two men of distinction also suffered martyrdom in the kingdom of Bungo. The first was James Faito. During the preceding year he had been expelled from his house, despoiled of all his property, forced to live in a poor cabin, and finally condemned to death for refusing to deny his faith. When news of his sentence reached him, he bade farewell to his family and recommended himself to Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin. He put on his finest clothes and entered a boat which was to transport him to the place of execution. After landing he walked barefooted to the place of execution, presented his head to the executioner, and while invoking the names of Jesus and Mary, received the death blow on October 15, 1619.

On the same day his cousin, Balthasar, superintendent of the royal

treasury, received the same crown. He, too, had been despoiled of his property and exiled from the kingdom because of his faith. It was also in the place of exile where it was announced to him that he had been condemned to death because he was a Christian. Balthasar rejoiced at the sentence and thanked the governor for having delivered him from the miseries of this life. After visiting his mother, wife and family and informing them of the good news which he had received, he set out and joined the executioners.

Balthasar's little four-year-old son, James, could not be dissuaded from accompanying his father to martyrdom. When all had arrived at the place of execution, Balthasar saw that the witnesses were moved to compassion.

"You would have reason to pity me," he exclaimed, "if I died in punishment for a crime. But since I die for my religion, you should envy my happiness. For I only quit the earth in order to reign eternally in heaven."

After this he embraced his son, fell on his knees, made an offering of his life to God, and presented his neck to the executioner. Balthasar received the crown of martyrdom in the forty-eighth year of his life.

Without being frightened by the death of his father, little James knelt as he had done, kissed the collar of his garment, and received the death blow, while saying "Jesus, Mary." It was indeed wonderful to see so young a child die with such courage; but it was still more to be wondered at that an executioner could be found capable of executing this little innocent.

In the same year, 1619, thirty-six Christians of every age and of both sexes were arrested at Meaco. As the prisons were already filled, they were kept in the open air. Among them was a good old man, named James, a phy-

The Liguorian

sician and a fervent Christian. The superintendent, who held James in high esteem, had his bonds taken off and placed him elsewhere, giving him to understand that he might set himself free. James however, refused to take advantage of the offer.

When the emperor came to Meaco, many other Christians were seized and thrown into prison. The prisons of Japan, and especially those of Meaco, were so small and disease-infected that one could hardly breathe in them. Eight Christians died of sickness, hunger and misery. When the emperor learned that many Christians were in prison on account of their faith, he ordered that all of them should be burned alive.

On the day of this barbarous execution, October 7, 1619, all the victims, fifty-two in number, were tied together and transported on nine carts to the place of execution. The men were placed in front, the young people behind, the women and children in the middle. A public crier preceded them, publishing the sentence of death in these words:

"The emperor wishes that these who are condemned shall be burned alive, because they are Christians."

Each time this announcement was made the holy confessors cried out:

"Yes, we die for Jesus Christ: live Jesus."

Crosses had been erected on the funeral pile to serve as stakes. Upon leaving the carts, each of the martyrs asked for his cross in order to embrace it. But it was found necessary to tie two men or two women to each cross. When the flames burst forth from the funeral pile, the executioners began to cheer, the spectators shed tears and uttered cries, but the martyrs sang and invoked the holy name of Jesus. At first the smoke was so dense

that no one could see them, but after a short time the holy martyrs were seen dying with their eyes raised to heaven. Though many could have escaped the fire, none, not even the children, attempted to do so.

Among the martyrs was a young girl named Martha, whom the officers drew aside, so that she might escape. She wept so bitterly, however, that she was returned to prison with the others. Though she was threatened with the most horrible torments and offered the most seductive promises, she never ceased to answer that she wished to die for her faith. The dampness of the prison made her blind, and her only fear was that she might not be able to die with the others. When the prisoners set out for the place of execution, Martha clung so closely to her mother that she could not be torn from her arms, and had to be delivered with her to the flames.

Another young heroine of the group must be cited. Her name was Monica. So ardently did she desire martyrdom that she exercised herself beforehand in the endurance of all the torments that the idolators could inflict upon her. One day she went so far as to pick up a red-hot iron. On seeing this her sister cried out:

"Monica, what are you doing?"

"I am preparing myself for martyrdom," she answered. "I have already struggled against hunger, and I have overcome it; now I am handling fire in order to conquer it when I shall be obliged to endure it. Whoever does not make a trial of himself in this way should flee from danger."

When she reached the funeral pile, before descending from the cart, Monica exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Listen to me, you who are present: I declare to you that I am a Christian, and that I die a Christian." So she died.

BOOK LOVERS DEPARTMENT



Conducted by Thomas Tobin

CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

Josephine Mary Ward, 1864-1932

Catholic Novelist

I. Life:

Josephine Mary Ward was a member by birth or marriage of two fine English Catholic families. Her father was James Hope Scott and her mother was the daughter of the old Catholic family of the Duke of Norfolk. Incidentally, the present Duke of Norfolk was Lord Marshal of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth. In 1877 Josephine Hope married Wilfrid Ward, the son of William George Ward who preceded Newman into the Church. By a strange twist of history Wilfrid Ward became the classic biographer of Cardinal Newman despite the fact that Newman and Ward's father were so opposed in many points of theory and practice. Her life, which was so much a part of English Catholic life, has been well described by her daughter, Maisie Ward Sheed in *The Wilfrid Wards and the Transition*. Mrs. Ward was the intimate friend of Huxley, Tennyson, Newman, Manning, Baron Von Hugel and many other famous men of her day. During her later years, Mrs. Ward became a member of the Catholic Evidence Guild with her son-in-law and daughter, F. J. Sheed and Maisie Ward. She died in London in November, 1932.

II. Writings

Despite the intellectual and philosophical milieu that surrounded her, Mrs. Ward turned to the novel as her form of liter-

ary expression. She has been recognized as the "first significant English Catholic novelist," and has done much to prove that the Catholic way of life can be the material of first class novels. So many of our modern Catholics who attempt novels could learn that a few drops of holy water and the mere mention of a few Catholic words do not make a real Catholic novel.

Her first book, *One Poor Scruple*, was published in 1899. Then appeared *The Light Behind*, *Out of Due Time*, *Great Possessions*, *The Job Secretary*. *The Shadow of Mussolini*, which appeared in 1927, was a novel of the struggle between the Church and anti-clerical Italy in the days of Fascism. All of Mrs. Ward's works reveal the intensity of her own Catholic convictions.

III. The Novel:

Her best known novel is *Tudor Sunset*, a story of the times of the first Elizabeth. The Catholics were forced underground during the persecution waged by Queen Bess and were forced to develop an elaborate system for hiding the priests who risked their lives to administer the sacraments to them. In the figures of the central characters of *Tudor Sunset* we appreciate the rigors of the persecution. In this novel Mrs. Ward has rivaled the historical narrative skill of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson. *Tudor Sunset* still remains an absorbing novel.

AUGUST BOOK REVIEWS

F. J. SHEED

Society and Sanity. By F. J. Sheed. 274 pp. New York, N. Y.: Sheed and Ward. \$3.00.

A new book by F. J. Sheed is always picked up with an enthusiastic interest. His *Society and Sanity* does live up to expectation. It is a sequel to his popular book, *Theology and Sanity*. While the former book considered man's relations to God, the present volume examines man's relations to man. In both books, as can be seen from the titles, there is emphasis on the sanity of the Catholic position about the fundamental truths of Theology and Sociology.

Society and Sanity discusses man, and the two great natural societies, the family and the state. In the first chapter, *Sanity is the Point*, Mr. Sheed cuts through the chaos of modern planning for society by insisting that all false systems ignore the nature of the being they are trying to form. Only a system that fits the facts of the nature of man can help man in any way. Both materialistic and spiritualistic theories ignore the dual nature of man, as a unit composed of soul and body.

The first section treats of the nature of man according to his essence and existence. The chapters on law and love are well done. The next sixty pages are devoted to an analysis of marriage and the family. The last part deals with man's rights and obligations as a member of the state.

Mr. Sheed is to be congratulated for his very scholarly and yet readable presentation of man in relation to the societies to which he belongs. He has the very happy knack of making the most basic truths very clear to the reader who has not enjoyed the benefit of formal training in philosophy. *Society and Sanity* will take its rightful place on the excellent Sheed bookshelf.

FOR THE YOUNG

God and the General's Daughter. By Anne Heagney, 183 pp. Milwaukee, Wis.: Bruce

Publishing Co. \$3.00.

A Little Chinese Martyr. By Joseph S. Poon. \$1.00. Hong Kong, China.

Blessed Dominic Savio. By St. John Bosco. Translated by Roderic Bright. 155 pp. Marrero, La.: Hope Haven Press. \$2.00. *Follow Christ*. 1953 Edition. Edited by Gerard Ellspermann. 96 pp. St. Meinard, Indiana: The Grail. \$.25.

God and the General's Daughter is the story of Fanny Allen, the daughter of the revolutionary war hero, General Ethan Allen. Fanny had embraced her father's free-thinking attitude toward all religion and was not afraid to express her thoughts. But God led Fanny not only to the Catholic Church but to the sisterhood. Anne Heagney has made the life and times of Fanny Allen very real in her latest fictionalized biography.

A Little Chinese Martyr narrates the short life of a young Chinese girl who was martyred for the faith during the Boxer rebellion. The pictures and the style make this an inspiring tale for the young.

Blessed Dominic Savio was one of the first fruits of the youth apostolate of St. John Bosco. God called this holy young man home to Him early in life. Young men will profit greatly from the knowledge of the life of Dominic Savio who has already been beatified by the Church. The present volume is a reprint of the biography by Don Bosco.

The 1953 edition of *Follow Christ* continues the fine work of publicizing religious vocations that was begun by the earlier volumes in the series. The pictures and descriptions make this a valuable booklet for one considering the religious or priestly life.

PHILOSOPHY OF CREATION

The Cause of Being. By James Francis Anderson. 172 pp. St. Louis, Mo.: B Herder Co. \$3.25.

There is a continual need of restating the basic truths about God and the world.

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Especially is this need acute in our day when so many people reject the idea of God. It is also good to examine the nature of God and of creation from the standpoint of philosophy to prove the rational basis of the faith of a Catholic. Mr. Anderson does present the philosophy of creation according to the teaching of St. Thomas. The six chapters discuss the cause of being as being, creation, time and the possibility of an eternal world, the actual infinite and an eternal world, the creative ubiquity of God and creation and finality. This scientific book will appeal to students of philosophy.

A NOVEL

The Mark. By Rev. William L. Doty. 186 pp. Milwaukee, Wis.: Bruce Publishing Co. \$3.00.

Rev. William Doty, the author of *Fire in the Rain*, has just written another tale of clerical life, *The Mark*. It is the story of a young priest who is uprooted from parish life and sent as a teacher to a boys' high school. At first resentful of the change and doubtful about the priestly usefulness of his teaching, Father Mark Hoyt gradually resigns himself to the Will of God and experiences the greatness of his work in the formation of souls. This is very definitely a run-of-the-mill story with very little literary value and no need for its publication. The characters are shallow and the plot is threadbare, never in very close contact with reality.

INDUSTRY COUNCIL PLAN

Industrialism and the Popes. By Mary Lois Eberdt, C.H.M., Ph.D., and Gerald J. Schnepf, S.M., Ph.D. 245 pp. New York, N.Y.: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$3.50.

For several years the American Catholic Sociological Society has advocated a plan of cooperation between labor and management that has been called the Industry Council Plan. This plan seeks to insure the cooperation of labor, management and the general public for the betterment of all

concerned. The details of this idea and the papal basis for it are the subject matter of this present volume, written by two capable Catholic sociologists. The authors have made a fine, documented plea for the worthwhile Industry Council Plan.

The Bible

How to Read the Bible. By Abbe Roger Poelman. 113 pp. New York, N. Y.: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$1.50.

This practical book has been prepared by a famous Belgian Scripture scholar as an introduction to the reading of the Bible. The original French title, "Let us open the Bible," denotes that it is intended for the reader who is first making acquaintance with the word of God. The very brief chapters focus attention upon the high points of the principal books of the Old and New Testament.

The Mass and the Sacraments

Of Sacraments and Sacrifice. By Clifford Howell, S.J. 171 pp. Collegeville, Minn.: The Liturgical Press, \$3.00.

The English Jesuit, Father Clifford Howell, has become well known in many sections of the United States through his liturgical missions and articles in *Worship*. This present book consists of a series of articles written for *Worship* in the course of a series of liturgical missions.

This modern age has well been called the century of the lay Catholic. The popular interest in the doctrine of the Mystical Body and the liturgy, as the worship of the Church, has produced a wealth of literature. *Of Sacraments and Sacrifice* is a popular presentation of the supernatural life of the members of the Mystical Body. The first section deals with the spiritual life afforded to man by the sacraments: the second part deals with the Mass, as the Sacrifice of the Mystical Body. Father Howell has the ability to make theological points very clear and interesting and his latest book will do much for the liturgical movement.

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BEST SELLERS

A Moral Evaluation of Current Books, Published at the University of Scranton, Pa.

I. Suitable for general reading:

Out of Nazareth—Kevin
 Charley Moon—Arkell
 Calvary in China—Greene
 Promises to Keep—Walsh
 Florence —Hutton
 The Story of the Metropolitan Opera—
 Kolodin
 Encyclopedia of American History—
 Morris
 Stories to Grow By—Lanz
 An Overdose of Death—Christie
 Two Worlds for Memory—Noyes
 The Light in the Forest—Richter
 Malenkov: Stalin's Successor—Ebon
 Lambs in Wolfskins—Doherty
 Saints Westward—Attwater
 Oh, What a Wonderful Wedding—
 Rowans
 Rogue Valley—Athanias
 The Swallows of the Garret—Carroll
 Only Parent—Rich
 The Church Today—Suhard
 Father Tompkins of Nova Scotia—
 Boyle

II. Suitable only for adults:

A. Because of advanced style and contents:
 People, Places and Books—Highet
 Parish Priest—McWilliams
 Good Morning, Young Lady—Kennelly
 The Conservative Mind from Burke to
 Santayana—Kirk
 Two Lives—Mitchess
 Heather Mary—Scott
 Beyond the Great Forest—Prewett
 The Mark—Doty
 I want to See God—Marie-Eugene
 Saint Teresa of Avila—Auclair
 Enchanted Isle—Lowrie
 Johannes Ockeghem—Krenek
 The Last Days of Ikhnaton—Severance
 Kingfishers Catch Fire—Godden
 Blanket Boy—Lanham
 The Fact of the Deep—Twersky
 Reporters for the Union—Weisberger
 Freedom's Way—McCormick

M is for Mother—Riddell
 Industrialism and the Popes—Eberdi
 My Road to Certainty—Kernan
 How to Read the Bible—Poelman
 The Case of the Hesitant Hostess—
 Gardner

Best Articles, 1953—Flesch.

B. Because of immoral incidents which do not, however, invalidate the book as a whole:

The High and the Mighty—Gunn
 The Rifleman—Brick
 Yankee Ships—Wolfe
 The Echoing Grove—Lehmann
 7½ Cents—Bissell
 Rogue's Yarn—Jennings
 Gus the Great—Duncan
 Affair of the Heart—Long
 The Dark Angel—Waltari
 The Wire God—Willard
 The Babylonians—Weinreb

III. Permissible for the discriminating reader:

The Outsider—Wright
 Campus Gods on Trial—Walsh
 Siamese Harem Life—Leonowens
 A Stranger Here—Henriques
 The Marriage of Elizabeth Whitacker—
 Hichens
 Marriage, Morals and Sex—Ditzion
 Primer on Roman Catholicism for
 Protestants—Stuber
 Hotel Talleyrand—Bonner
 The Green Man—Jameson
 The Emperor's Lady—Kenyon

IV. Not recommended to any reader:

The Angry Angel—Zilahy
 Battle Cry—Uris
 The Beckoning Waters—Carse
 The Florentine—Spinatelli
 Few Are Chosen—Ferraro
 Corpus of Joe Bailey—Hall
 The Sparks Fly Upward—Ronald
 The Time of Indifference—Moravia
 Floodtide—Yerby



Lucid Intervals

Sonny: "Isn't it funny, Dad, everybody in our family has some kind of animal nickname but you. Mother is a dear, baby's a lamb, I'm a kid. You haven't any animal name at all."

Dad: "Oh, yes I have, son. I'm the goat."

•
An employment office was checking on an applicant's list of references.

"How long did this man work for you?" a former employer was asked.

"About four hours," was the quick reply.

"Why, he told us he'd been there a long time," said the astonished caller.

"Oh, yes," answered the ex-employer. "he's been here two years."

•
Billy was in the habit of coming to the table with a dirty face and was constantly being ordered to wash before he was allowed to eat. After many days of this routine, his mother demanded: "Why do you insist on coming to the table without washing? You know I always send you back."

"Well," said Billy meekly, "once you forgot."

•
Little Sandy was tired and restless and the preacher talked on and on.

Her daddy whispered:

"Be quiet, Sandy. He is telling you how to go to heaven."

In a loud voice, Sandy said impatiently:

"Well, we don't have to go today, do we?"

•
Fred: "So you think old man Hendricks is in bad physical shape?"

Ted: "Bad shape. I'll say he is. Why Hendricks even gets winded when he plays chess!"

An Easterner was riding with a rancher across a blistering hot stretch of land in Texas. Almost equally as warm was the glowing praise of the rancher for the glories of his home state of Texas. Suddenly a beautifully plumed bird dashed across the highway.

"What kind of bird is that?" asked the Easterner.

"Bird of Paradise," replied the Texan.

The Easterner rode along in silence for a few more bumps, then remarked:

"Long way from home, ain't he?"

•
Greg, an eager-beaver behind the wheel, had been passing every car on the road. Suddenly he seemed reluctant to pass a slow moving hearse just ahead, though the road was clear. His companion was surprised.

"Let's go," he said, "this is no funeral."

"Could be," answered the subdued Greg.

"Take a look at that license."

The hearse's license read: "U-2."

•
Little Mary had just learned about Noah and the Ark. The next time she saw her grandfather, she asked:

"Grandpa, were you in the Ark?"

"Certainly not, my dear," said the astonished man.

"Then why weren't you drowned?"

•
The lecturer on forest conservation was loudly berating the general public for its indifference to the preservation of our timber reserves.

"I don't suppose," he declared, "there is a person here tonight who has done a single thing toward conserving our timber supply."

After a momentary silence, a meek voice spoke up from the rear:

"I did. I once shot a woodpecker."

PERENNIAL BEST SELLERS

Here are some of the books written by St. Alphonsus Liguori that have gone through countless editions and have had a sale far in excess of any popular best-seller of today.

These books are handled by The Liguorian Pamphlet Office, and if you look at the number of pages they contain, and then at the price, you will see that no best-seller can be purchased at a comparable price today.

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Way of Salvation and Perfection (510 pages).....	1.50
Great Means of Salvation and Perfection (510 pages).....	1.50
The Incarnation and Infancy of Christ (465 pages).....	1.50
Passion and Death of Jesus Christ (497 pages).....	1.50
The Holy Eucharist (505 pages).....	1.50
The Glories of Mary (703 pages).....	2.00
The True Spouse of Christ (for religious) (728 pages).....	2.00
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STOP
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ARE YOU SAVED?

This question used to be asked of applicants for public service jobs in Protestant England. It was based on the assumption that the feelings of an individual could tell him whether he was predestined for heaven or for hell. If he answered "Yes" to the question, it meant that he was sure he was going to heaven no matter what might happen in his future.

Thinking men know that it is not so simple as that. Christ said: "Work out your salvation in fear and trembling." The real question, and the one that *The Liguorian* asks in every issue, is this: "Are you working to save your soul?" If you are not, *The Liguorian* will help you to make a start by reminding you of the conditions of salvation laid down by Christ. If you are, *The Liguorian* will encourage you to continue, until "the night comes when you can work no longer."

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